

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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ART. I. — THE HOPE OF THE SOUTH.

WHEN a sagacious physician examines a patient who is struggling with various forms of disease and exhaustion, he looks earnestly to see what powers remain unshattered, on which to build his hopes of recovery. He knows that many maladies may be overcome and much depletion repaired, if the vital forces only remain and can be brought into vigorous action.

The present condition of the South affords a similar object of study. There are many and grievous evils, there is terrible waste and dilapidation; we look eagerly to see what forces still remain unimpaired, which may restore the body politic to soundness and health. Our own observation has been mainly confined to the Atlantic States; but from personal observation there, and much intercourse with certain classes of the people, we do feel that there are signs of new growth, and indications of vigorous life, enough to make us hopeful for the future, if not over-sanguine in the present.

The colored ministers, in their churches, pray for the "reconstruction" of their people's souls instead of their "regeneration." We hope the word, driven out from the Church, will find its way into politics. It is the regeneration of the South by its own internal life, not its reconstruction by outward forces, that can alone make it again a power among the nations.

The first thing to be considered is the condition of the land. Everybody knows that the land at the South, instead of being allotted in homesteads to every man, was held mainly in large estates. Under the ruinous system of slavery, these large plantations were poorly cultivated, and a condition of debt was almost universal. When it was not convenient to sell slaves to raise money, the land was mortgaged to meet the need. Deteriorating in value by neglect and the change of times, it will not sell for the amount of the claims upon it, and hence it is extremely difficult to purchase land in South Carolina or Virginia and get a clear title to it. The only security is to buy at a sheriff's sale when the land has been taken for taxes, or the owner has gone into bankruptcy: then the purchaser is secure. By the wise law of the legislature of South Carolina, which puts a very heavy tax upon land, many of these large estates will be thus brought into the market, and will be cut up into small lots, and bought by real working men. The great desire of the negroes is to own land and build houses; and, under all their disadvantages, they are doing this to some extent. The more favorable crop of last year gave them a little money to invest in land, and, should the present good auspices for the crop prove true, there will be still more done another year. On the sea islands of South Carolina, where the land was taken possession of by the Government and sold to the negroes, almost every family has its ten-acre lot and its cabin upon it. Although the people here were of the lowest class of plantation hands, this circumstance has given them a secure basis, on which they are slowly building up a superstructure of comfort. As the cotton crop has been very poor ever since they had possession of their land, until last year, the spring just past is the first in which there has not been actual famine upon the islands. While cotton is and will be the great staple production of these islands, it is a very uncertain crop. It requires constant and watchful care for many months, and so much labor in picking and cleaning that it is often difficult to secure the fall crop when it is very abundant. But these people, working on their own land for their own poor subsistence, are

patient, steady, and industrious: they are learning wisdom from the hard experience of the last three years, are planting corn enough for their own support, and are slowly learning the secrets of agriculture. For although the field hand had helped raise cotton all his life, his dull mechanical toil had given him no insight into the reason of what he did, and when left to himself he often made great blunders, and did things at the wrong time and in the wrong way. We all know, too, the Southern method of taking every thing off the land and putting nothing back. The worn-out lands were abandoned, and the planter emigrated to fresh fields. The "land was tired," they said. They are beginning to find out that it is only hungry. The Southern papers are filled with advertisements of fertilizers, and discussions of their value, and the air is redolent with odors of guano. No doubt they are cheated with an abundance of worthless compounds, and will find their dreams of fourfold harvests quite illusory: but the ground is like the mind, it is a great deal better to stir it up and put something new in although it is not of the very best quality, than to let it lie clogged and choked with its own inertia. These two things—division of the land into small lots within the means of the working classes, and improved agriculture—are grounds of hope for the South. The work is already begun, and though it will have a vast amount of opposition and stupidity to encounter, it is bound to go on.

Having got the land, who are the men to enter in and possess it? What is the physical force, and what the labor, which the South has to rely upon? When we look at a pine-tree in the spring, and see the old needles turning brown and dropping off, we know that the new growth is not in them; but at the very end of the branch we find a fresh green bud full of life and vigor, which contains the hope of the new year. So is it with the Southern States, especially the old commonwealths of Carolina and Virginia, which we cling to as members of the old band of thirteen, and hope to see again in their right place among the leaders of Western civilization. The old men and old families have the remains of wealth and culture and graceful manners, it is true; much that was fair

and pleasing to eye and taste will go under with them for a time, but go they must. "We need several first-class funerals," said a witty judge, "before we shall come out right." An old Southerner mourns, "We shall never again live, as we used to, the old merry life." He is right: they never will. The old hospitality, apparently so generous and free, since it welcomed the stranger to a merry round of dinners and suppers and balls and huntings, — really so selfish and mean, since it was all paid for out of the sweat of other men's labor, — will, thank God, never come again. It was not only the slave, whose toil every day, and whose agony when sold, paid for these things, but the whole system of trade was rotten. The Commissioners of Bankruptcy are among the few men who have made fortunes at the South since the war. A leading man in Maryland, member of Congress from his district, lately went into bankruptcy, and his grocer's bill was unpaid for sixteen years. But times are changing. In the town of Darlington, S.C., is a colored man, who, by his own work since the war, has acquired a pretty property, and has bought a very nice house there. He was a slave, but had fortunately been taught the blacksmith's trade. He set up a carriage-yard, and his old master soon brought him his carriage to mend. It was much injured, and the bill for repairs amounted to about seventy-five dollars. The owner called for his carriage, found it mended promptly and well, and said he would send his horses to take it away. The blacksmith presented his bill. "I have not the money about me now," was the reply. "But your carriage cannot go out of my yard till it is paid for," responded the sturdy mechanic. "You wouldn't serve your old massa so," replied the owner, "to keep his carriage from him; can't you trust me?" We can imagine the grim smile on the old slave's face as he replied, "I can't help that, sir; I can't let it go without the pay." The indignant gentleman was obliged to borrow the money and pay the bill before he could have his ride. Nothing could have made him feel more keenly that old times were passing away.

The old men and women look tragic and worn out. Utterly



out of relation with their times, feeling wronged, and ill-treated, and yet quite unable to convince the world of it, they go about with weary, sour faces, and hug the memory of their own past grandeur as their only comfort. Many of the most influential secessionists are said to be hastening their own dissolution by immoderate drinking, and to be fast breaking down in mind and body. The colored police have had a good restraining influence upon these gentlemen. It is such an utter and hopeless degradation to be arrested by a negro, that this great fear overcomes even the passion for drink; and the Southern gentleman is careful to preserve his equilibrium, at least till he is safely housed, lest some watchful "darkey" should have a chance to lay his legal hand upon his sacred person. The women, generally, look sickly and sad. Young ladies, in the bloom of youth, have a certain fair beauty which soon fades: they seem just about fit to sit in the shade upon their "joggling boards," and gossip and do fancy-work all day long. Of course, there are honorable exceptions. Some ladies of old families are quietly earning their living in various ways; accepting the situation with simple dignity, and doing their best to bridge over the vast gulf between the old and the new. We saw one such teaching in a colored school, supported by the city of Charleston, who commanded our respect by the fidelity with which she performed her duties, as well as our admiration for the refinement and beauty of her appearance.

This class generally, like the old pine needles, will serve only to make a soft carpet of tradition and romance, in which poets and young men and maidens may delight to dream, and which will perhaps protect and nourish some fair flowers of beauty; but it will never again be the great active leading power in the State. It cannot command the working population, and will not meet the exigencies of the times.

Crushed between the upper millstone of aristocracy and the lower millstone of slave labor, was a small middle class at the South,—not the degraded poor white, but a working class. We saw specimens of this class, but have no data for determining their number; they were attached to the Union,

and some even of the women had an enthusiasm for the North. We found a picture of Boston a most welcome gift to such a person. They rejoice in the new order of things; and although they are under entire social ostracism so far as their "secesh" neighbors are concerned, yet they are finding their places in the new dispensation, and in the solid comfort of returning prosperity can afford to receive the cold words and looks of those who have lost all but their pride. Members of this class, of sensitive natures, and entangled in their family relations with those of rebel sentiments, suffer keenly. We have no conception here of what it still costs many a Southern white man to be actively loyal; but we saw sturdy sheriffs of the different counties who gloried in their loyal past, and were quite ready to execute the will of the Government.

These men will aid in the work of regeneration: they will fill the offices requiring plain common sense and real work; and their daughters will teach in the new public schools. But we found, also, a plenty of Enos Crumletts, weak-jointed and sallow-faced, looking out for a speculation on a small scale anywhere. One of these told us "he went into the rebel army, although he knew it was the wrong side, because he was too conscientious to tell lies to get rid of the draft as his neighbors did, and he should lose every thing if he stayed out." He did not seem to consider the lie he acted in going into the army. But, when we condemn this weakness, we must remember the tremendous pressure that was brought to bear upon them. "I never read of any thing equal to it in the horrors of the French Revolution," said a Union gentleman. These men can probably be relied upon for the small roguery and dirty work of the new administration!

Below these are the miserable worn-out dregs of civilization, the "poor whites." It requires one's faith in God and humanity to have any hope in them at all. Physically corrupt from poverty, filth, and disgusting habits, there seems little basis on which to build up any intellectual or moral power. The children show their low organization in the form of the head, while scrofula has set its mark upon nearly all

of them. What is to be done with this part of the people, is the same hard problem with which social science is grappling in every part of the civilized world. That something may be done, is proved by the results of individual labor among them in the spirit of religious faith and love. The work of Miss Amy Bradlee, at Wilmington, N.C., proves that they are not hopeless as individuals, whatever they may be as a class. Without corporal punishment, she has brought her schools into order and obedience, and has called out in her pupils a power of moral self-restraint which we believe will stand them through life. Yet her scholars show, by their very physical organization, out of what a slough of evil and want they have come. Even after two or three years of training — so that she and her friends say, "Oh, if you could have seen what they were in the beginning!" — they are still far more degraded in appearance than the children sent from our police court to the Reform Schools. It was amusing to see the hatred of the negro in full force here. The boys scouted the idea of schools for blacks and whites together, and laughed in our faces at the idea of colored teachers. There was, however, one honorable exception. One little fellow stoutly maintained the right of the negro to education, and the fact that the colored schools were ahead of the white. We believe Mr. Buckle's theory should come into play here, and that the food of these people must be changed before there is any hope of their having better muscles and brains, on which moral organization largely depends. They live almost entirely on "pork and collards," and often have not enough of that; and where this diet is not corrected by active out-door life, it must produce scrofulous and feeble constitutions.

Emigration from the North and elsewhere is another source of hope. The "carpet-bagger" truly enters in and possesses the land, to the infinite disgust of the old inhabitants. The eagle, with the carpet-bag in his claw, is the design on his congressional ticket; and he means it as a sign that he is a member of the Universal Yankee Nation, and can make himself at home everywhere; he is kind hearted and philanthropic, working for the good of his fellow-men, but having

a keen eye to his own interest also; he knows that the negro has the balance of power, and he means to win it for himself; he is not fastidious, and can eat bacon and greens in a negro cabin, or fare sumptuously at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, with equal readiness; he can pray and preach and sing, and make speeches all the week through; he is moral and temperate, and preserves his health and good humor, in spite of all the fret and fume of the chivalry. The shafts of their hatred fall harmless on his armor of proof: the more they hate him, the more he feels his own importance and the power that he wields. He goes to the State legislature, and puts into office the black men who voted for him, or into Congress, and does not hesitate to press their claims upon General Grant. This is a favorable specimen of the carpet-bagger. The old Southerners hate him most cordially; hate him for his virtues as much as his defects, and hate him, most of all, for his success. What cares he? he makes money and gets office, sees New-England institutions springing up about him, and is content. The old South Carolinian finds his new townships named for Sumner and Wilson and Whittemore and Snyder (a colored man), and has to pocket the unendurable insult as he can. It is like an application of cantharides: it may be a good counter-irritant, but it makes him almost frantic now. These men, and other Northerners of a finer stamp, are doing an immense work in the South. It is to them that the admirable constitutions of the reconstructed States, and the provisions for a public school system, are largely due. Of the swarm of cotton speculators, Jew pedlers, and others who are to be found everywhere, we need not speak. Governed entirely by self-interest, they will help carry on the trade of the world, but will not guide it morally or intellectually.

Nearly half of the population remain to be considered; viz., the colored race. In all the mournful complaining of the old South, we must remember that this half is utterly ignored; but they are now, and must be in the coming future, emphatically the "people of the South." Judging from the physical appearance, both of adults and children, there is far more danger of the white race dying out than the black. Our eyes



were constantly attracted to fine specimens of manly beauty and strength, and of chubby and rosy childhood. Still retaining the habit of out-door labor, but now animated by hope, even the women have a vigor and life almost unknown among the white race. It is undoubtedly true that there is a large mortality, produced by insufficient food and by want of medical care. The women still suffer much from sickness, brought on by excessive toil. But, taken as a whole, the impression made upon the observer is of health, vigor, and hope. There is a morning light in their faces, a rejoicing over the great deliverance, which is in marked contrast with the despairing look of the whites. "I suppose this town is not as lively as it was before the war," we said to a bright black boy who was driving us into one of the county towns in South Carolina. "Oh, yes! it's a great deal livelier," was his reply. We looked surprised. "It was lively for the white folks before the war: it's lively for us now," he continued.

We hold the faith of a celebrated sculptor and anatomist, that the negro is a young race with a future before him. There is often a painful contrast in the freedmen's schools between a chubby black child, glowing with life and humor, and another whom you cannot distinguish from white, but who represents in his puny person all the vices and miseries of an effete race. Although among the women there is much sickness, and chills and fever prevail almost everywhere, yet there is a great amount of crude physical force that can be educated into health and usefulness. It is impossible to look upon the rows of stalwart men and vigorous women in the churches and evening schools, and believe that this race is dying out, or can be crushed out.

Many of the disabilities of slavery linger about them still, it is true. There is a patient endurance and waiting in the older ones, which tells a sad story of suffering, and makes us fear that they will consent to be ground down all their lives. We rejoice, by contrast, in the "irrepressibles," who task all a teacher's power to keep their exuberant life in order. They have, too, the Southern looseness of nature, the want of snap and ring, and do not put things through with a will. This is,

undoubtedly, largely due to climate ; but freer opportunities, and the stimulus of busy life, may prove a corrective in the future.

Besides this large body of uncultured humanity, the bone and sinew of the community, who are to form the great laboring body of the South, we found a few chosen souls representing the brain, who seemed called of Providence to be the future leaders. In South Carolina, we found a group of young men, furnishing such admirable specimens of this class, that we may be pardoned for giving a somewhat private history.

After Nat Turner's insurrection, in 1821, the fears and anger of the slaveholders prompted them to pass more stringent laws than ever before, for the management of both the free and slave colored people. A bill was introduced into the South Carolina legislature forbidding any schools for the free colored population. By the exertions of one Colonel Hamilton, this bill was so modified as to allow schools for them, if taught by white men. Some of the free colored people of Charleston, who had acquired property, were anxious to have their children educated ; but it was very difficult to find a white man who would undertake the task. At last a family named Mood, of Scotch extraction, was found, who were anxious to obtain a collegiate and theological education. The colored people paid for their college course, on condition that they would teach a school for their children. Four brothers successively filled this position, and did their work faithfully. After they had gone, the school was really taught by one of the earlier pupils ; though a superannuated white man was found for its nominal head, to save the law. The brothers Mood all became clergymen, and, we are sorry to add, were rank secessionists during the war. The graduates of this school felt their position bitterly. The free colored man had little more chance of rising in the world than the slave himself. One of them left Charleston, vowing he would never return to it again save with his musket on his shoulder. He was engaged with Major Stearns while recruiting in Tennessee ; he returned to Charleston, as he had vowed, with his musket on his shoulder, and, still more, with his sword by

his side. Another entered Colonel Higginson's regiment. When South Carolina was opened to us, the officers of the Bureau, recognizing the superior education of these young men, recommended them to the New-England Society as teachers, and many of them have been thus employed for two or three years. They have done themselves great credit in their schools: they are quite equal to the average of those taught by Northern teachers. The order in these schools is very remarkable, especially as this is the point in which colored teachers usually fail from want of experience. Since the return of South Carolina to the Union, these gentlemen have been appointed to various offices. Some are in the legislature, both in the House and Senate; one or two are postmasters, registers of the census, &c. The Secretary of the State is a highly educated colored man, who pursued his studies in Scotland, was settled in Connecticut as a clergyman during the war, and then taught the American Missionary Association School, the largest in Charleston.

This group of young men, bound in close friendship to each other, are full of noble hope and ambition. They see a future at last open before them and their race, and are ready to seize every opportunity to elevate their own position. Although some of them are so nearly white that they could easily pass for such at the North, they yet accept their place with the colored people, and strive to raise them up with themselves. We do not claim that they are all heroes and martyrs, nor that they always rise superior to the temptations of political life. It was with deep pain that we learned that the brown hand could clutch a bribe as well as the white, and that scenes in Washington might be re-enacted in Columbia. But that they are, on the whole, a noble band of young men, we had good proof; and on them, to our minds, rests a large portion of the hope of South Carolina. Talent, education, and will are theirs; and they will show that the State can dispense with the services of her rebellious children, and find loyal hands to serve and guide her.

There are other men and women, less favored by education, and slaves up to the time of the war, who will act a no less

important, if less brilliant, part. Eager for knowledge, quiet, reserved, deep-hearted, they will be the thinkers, the potent, unrecognized conscience and mind of the people, if they are not their political leaders.

And next is the educational question. Will the South have a public school system, and what will be its value?

Every State that has remodelled its constitution, has engrafted on it a provision for public education. There can be no question, therefore, that the South recognizes the necessity of educating the people; but the method of accomplishing it is the difficulty. The aristocratic nature of the Southern communities stands in the way here. They have never had the perfect organization of the township, on which the whole system of federal government should rest. In the township, with its annual free town-meeting, the individual has his full weight. Every man, however poor or humble, may find the time when a topic is discussed on which he knows more than his neighbors; and then he will become the leading spirit for the time being. But, at the South, the larger divisions of county and State were the main things. The tendency is now, therefore, to centralize the educational movement, and have it wholly directed by the State. It was partly a difference of opinion on this point which defeated the school bill in South Carolina, at the last session of the legislature. The great lesson which the people of the South have to learn is self-dependence, — that they must rely upon themselves for the support of their schools, and must undertake their own management. But those who favor centralization argue, very plausibly, that in many of the towns the rebel element is in the ascendancy, and it will control the legislation, not giving the colored people fair chances in the schools, and infusing wrong sentiments into the minds of the young, while the best of both races, being gathered at Columbia, can control the whole system, and secure a fair chance to every child.

But this is just what the negro needs to learn, that, with the ballot in his hand, he must defend his own rights; and his power to regulate affairs by his vote needs to be felt in those things close about him, which he can understand. The im-



portant difficulty is to find money, teachers, and good school-committees. The people are very poor, and have not yet learned what a good investment for their little savings a school is; and yet the amount which they have already expended for education is very creditable to them, considering their circumstances. In Columbus, the school collects fifty cents per month from each pupil with considerable regularity; twenty-five cents might be rigorously enforced in most places. The school-houses, built by the aid of the Bureau, will be a great help in giving the schools a local habitation, and the State will vote a handsome appropriation according to its means. The great difficulty will be to supply good teachers. The demand for teachers from the rapidly growing West is so great, that the prices given there will be higher than these poor communities can well afford to pay; and yet it really needs greater ability to organize and manage these schools than to teach in the regulated system of the North. A teacher cannot be made in three years, even at a Normal School. It requires the life of culture, and the inheritance of education, to develop all the qualities necessary for this important function. The want of general education, even for the whites, is felt now: the showy academy teaching ill fits them for the public school. The poverty incident to the war has driven many Southern women to seek this employment, and some of the freedmen's aid societies have taken pains to encourage them by engaging them in their schools. A few admirable teachers have thus been secured; but even the best, although fair class-teachers and good disciplinarians, lack the power of developing the minds of their pupils by general knowledge.

The Normal Schools for blacks and for whites, established by the benevolent societies, are doing much to supply this want in the future; but, with the raw material presented to them, it must be many years before they can send out teachers of wide culture and large methods of instruction. The educational department of South Carolina is considering the importance of beginning its work at both ends; and is discussing the Normal School and the Teacher's Institute, as well as the Primary School. Perhaps, after all, the rarest thing to

find is a good primary school teacher, who understands how the early school years may be utilized in securing the elements of knowledge without overtaxing the immature powers of the child, and stunting his future growth. But those who have labored so zealously for the education of the people of the South must be prepared for the inevitable pain of seeing the schools deteriorate rapidly, at first, when they are given into the hands of the local authorities. It must be so, even if they do their best; and who does do his best? It has been so in Baltimore and in Washington during the first years; and yet even here the improvement is beginning again.

It seems as if the only recompense we can make to this colored race, in whose oppression we have aided so long, is to save them from our mistakes; and yet how seldom can a mother accomplish this even for her own children! Now, it seems that the Southern schools must drag through all the slough of despond, of long hours of session, hard benches, ill-ventilated rooms, mechanical drill, arbitrary and severe corporal punishment, routine lessons, show exhibitions, meaningless dictionary and arithmetical exercises, which we and our fathers have passed through. All we can hope for is to shorten the period. This is the great good which the schools of the Northern associations have done, and have yet to do, — to show what a school should be, and so to educate those who are to be the school-committeemen of the South. For, although far from faultless in any of the points we have named, yet, taken as a whole, the freedmen's schools at the South are in excellent condition, and we think would prove superior in methods of education to the same number of schools taken at random from our New-England States. A great deal of thought on education has been developed by the independence which these teachers have enjoyed in carrying on their schools under new circumstances, with very little external direction. We hope for great good from it, not only for the future school-system of the South, but for the general cause of education.

Two other great elements of social and political life remain to be considered, — the Press and the Church. Of the former we shall say little. The Southern papers at present are very

meagre in interest, and very violent and bitter in sentiment. If there is any good point about them, it seems to us their agricultural discussions, which recognize the duty of improved methods of fertilizing and tilling the soil. The very few Republican papers have a hard struggle for existence, and have not great intellectual merit. A Maryland gentleman, who perhaps knows the South as well as any man in the country, said, if he had a thousand dollars to spare, he would spend it in distributing the "New-York Tribune" throughout his State. As the people are learning to read, they will soon ask for books, and libraries for general circulation must be opened. And yet, one looks almost with envy at the still virgin taste and healthy appetites of these people in reading. The old standard pieces, "Casabianca," and "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and "What though in solemn silence all," which our school-boys vote "slow" and "used up," are spoken in the colored schools with great expression and enjoyment. The Richmond boys leave "Oliver Optic" on the shelves, and take down the biographies of Franklin and Stephenson and the speeches of Sumner; and the Baltimore girls beg us to send them poetry and travels, instead of asking for Mrs. Braddon's last novel. Must they wade through yellow-covered literature too? We suppose there is no help for it; but let us at least keep them supplied with good solid food first, and as long as possible.

The Church at the South affords a curious study, to which we can do but poor justice at the close of a long article. We have little personal knowledge of the white churches at the South, but charitably suppose them to be about as good specimens of whited sepulchres as can be found in Christendom. They represent the general rebel feeling, and are rather led than lead.

But the negro has a strong, vivid religious feeling, and the church is to him a great part of his social life. It has been his only consolation during slavery, his only place of general social gathering and recreation. The praise-house meeting, and the "shout," have cheered in memory and retrospect the long dreary hours of hopeless, unpaid labor. The spiritual in-

toxication of the camp-meeting has taken the place of all other forms of excitement. The favorite exercise of the shout partakes so largely of sensuous enjoyment, is so clearly of the same nature as the popular dances of nations of simple habits, that we have met those who affirmed that it had no religious signification, but was only considered as an expression of social enjoyment. But we do not think so. All people in a low stage of intellectual development believe religion to consist largely in animal excitement, which they bring on by different means. It is not the normal development of the soul in life: it is something abnormal, strange, marvellous, which is to delight God and secure the salvation of man. The monk seeks this excitement of the brain by fasting and penance; the Dervish, by whirling round till his head spins with mad fervor; the Shaker, by his dancing; the Methodist, by song and shout. "She got religion and had to be toted home," is a very common expression of what is considered a most satisfactory evidence of religious excitement. The negro, though nominally a Christian, is still largely African in his religious faith. Religion is a charm, not to order his life into holiness and beauty, but to save his soul from the devil; it has no degrees of attainment. He either has it or he has it not—as he might have a horseshoe nailed to his door. Certain methods are employed to obtain it: but they may fail, and he feels himself to be very unfortunate; or they may succeed, and he is safe for ever. "It is safer for me to steal than for you," one of these fortunate individuals said to another, "for I have the seal of adoption,"—that is, I am safe from the devil, whatever I do, but you must look out and behave well or he'll catch you. From this there are all grades of enlightenment, and all variety and shades of belief among them. The Baptists and Methodists, especially, dispute for authority over them, and hold pertinaciously to their peculiar tenets. "They will tell you" said a Baptist preacher, "that there are good men in all sects of Christians; but how can that be when they go right against the commandments of God?"—referring, of course, to baptism by immersion.

No doubt, human nature always has its variety of good and



bad, and the influence of the Church depends largely upon the men who are chosen to administer its rites. In some places, the Church enforces a strict morality, and excommunicates its members for social vices. In others, the ministers are licentious and immoral, and care not how intemperate, idle, or vicious their flocks are, if they can only keep up the excitement of the meetings and swell the numbers of the Church. On the whole, we fear there is little to hope from the influence of the Church as it is at present organized, unless it be an awakened activity of thought, from the multitude of sects which are striving for influence among the freedmen. The presentation of various forms of belief must enkindle doubt and investigation in many minds, and the freedom of thought in this direction will stimulate them in every other.

Two influences deserve to be specially noted. The Roman Catholic Church evidently intends to establish an active propagandist movement throughout the South. It is founding colored schools, colleges, and asylums, and is making many converts. It has many advantages in dealing with the colored people. The priests and teachers, many of whom are of French or Italian birth, have not the bitter prejudice against the race which clings even to the northern American, and can more readily enter into all their feelings. Then the condition of the negro's mind is well fitted to receive the church doctrines. Long accustomed to lean upon others, the idea of authority coming, not in the name of an earthly tyrant, but of the heavenly Lord, is welcome to him. The human personalities of Saints and Virgin offer to him objects of faith which his affectionate nature delights in; and the pomp and ceremony of the mass appeal to the love of beauty which is so conspicuous a trait in his character. His superstition finds food here. We learned an incident in Virginia, which seemed to carry us back to Ante-Lutheran times. A clergyman has a handbill printed, which purports to contain a true copy of a letter from Jesus Christ found under a stone, preserved in a miraculous manner. This letter promises to its possessor a variety of blessings and immunity from many dangers; it is sold at ten cents a copy, and is eagerly bought by the negroes

of one of the most enlightened cities of the South, that they may have this invaluable protection with them. The Church which has so ably dealt with this weakness of human nature in the past for its own benefit, will know how to do so now. But we are not afraid of the influence of the Romanist Church. Side by side with the ballot-box, and the common school for all, it will remain in power only while it serves humanity, and be swept away when it becomes more a hindrance than a help.

The African Methodist Church is another body with strong influence over the colored people. It would be unjust to take partial estimates of the work of this body as final. Some warm friends of the colored people think its tendencies are good, that it leads them to self-respect and dependence upon their own race, and that by educating colored men for the ministry, it will establish a better influence over them than in any other way. Others, equally true and friendly, feel that it favors bitter and unscrupulous hatred and distrust of the white race; that it is hostile to liberal education; that it seeks to perpetuate hostility between the races, and shuts the black man out from all the advantages he might gain from his true friends at the North. Doubtless, there is truth in both these views, as the Church is represented by different persons. In some sections of the country, unscrupulous and corrupt men are certainly using the power it gives them to the injury of the schools and the people. Whatever good it may do in some places, we cannot sympathize with any church which recognizes any distinctions of race, color, or sex, as at all important in comparison with the qualities of the heart, soul, and life. This is the great religious truth which the negro needs to take home to his heart, — that life is the evidence of religion; and that, as God is not afar off in a distant heaven, but here and now, immanent in every soul and in every operation of nature, so religion must not be a thing of times and seasons, an excitement, a spell to conjure with, but a constant, all-pervading influence, ennobling and purifying every act of life. There are souls among the freedmen, purified by suffering, cleared by silent thought, ready to receive this pure

and high form of religion; and we believe the great duty of the liberal church of our day, by whatever name it be called, is to bring this truth home to their hearts.

So we are not hopeless of the South, immense as is the work that is yet to be done there. It looks now, indeed, like the fields when the snow has just melted off, barren and desolate, encumbered with the remains of the old life, not ready to welcome the new; but it has been ploughed deep by the sword of war, and the careful eye may already see many green and promising germs of the new crop. It is our part generously to labor for and with its people, until the past is redeemed, and they can walk abreast with us in the march of civilization. Then the many brilliant and courteous graces of the Southerner, the earnest and noble traits of the negro character, united with the strong and energetic powers of the North, will combine to form a nation worthy of the glorious land which God has given into their possession.

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#### ART. II. — THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The Wise Men of the East; Who they were; How they came to Jerusalem.* New York: Sheldon and Company. 1869. 12mo.\*

THOROUGH and critical treatises on special Biblical subjects are frequent in Germany, but comparatively rare in England and America. We have not patience for minute inquiries upon topics which seem to be of slight importance. It is waste of time to seek the species of the lily of the valley, or of the fish which gave back the tribute money, or the nature of the darkness at the death of Jesus: all of which subjects the Germans have discussed. Even the investigation of Paul's "thorn in the flesh," which Dr. John Brown has proved to be weakness of sight, is rather ingenious than satisfying. Yet these special treatises are valuable when they

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\* The author of this book is Professor Francis W. Upham, LL.D., of the Rutgers Institute, New York, a brother of Professor T. C. Upham, of Bowdoin College.

are well done, though only provoking when they are superficial. An incidental topic takes on dignity when it is treated in an attentive, serious, and loving manner. No higher pleasure is there in theological study than the pleasure which is given by well-reasoned monographs on Scriptural themes.

And it is delightful in these days, when the largest themes are handled and dismissed in a dashing magazine article, as reckless in the use of facts as hasty in conclusions, when there are so many writers who have no time for scruple and no fear of shocking devout sentiment in their free-and-easy utterances, to meet with a writer of the old school, who is calm and cautious and conscientious, who weighs his words before he utters them, and says nothing rashly. It is delightful to get hold of a theological work which is not feverish with passion, and in which there are positive convictions without any theological hatred; it is delightful to witness in a critical examination of an obscure story the willingness of the critic "to labor and to wait." The union of the critical faculty with a devout imagination is not common in our time. The critic seems to fit himself for his task by discarding all religious feeling as much as all intellectual prejudice. He must allow the spirit of prayer no place, scepticism must be his rule, and he must come to belief only by the overwhelming array of proof. Yet occasionally we meet with writers, in whom the critical faculty is aided, rather than hindered, by the imagination, and whose sight is made insight by the soaring of their thought. There can be no doubt that such interpret scripture more comfortably, if not more wisely, than the bare rationalists.

This possible union of devout imagination with scientific analysis, without injury to critical candor, is proved very strikingly in a small book, just published by Sheldon & Company, on the "Wise Men of the East; who they were, and how they came to Jerusalem." To many the topic will seem insignificant, and they will wonder that an American professor should be willing to spend strength in so needless an investigation. And even in the book itself the ultimate object does not distinctly appear. It is evident that this interesting



monograph is not a whim merely of Biblical criticism, but has some positive religious purpose; that it is connected with some deep religious idea in the soul of the author; that it is only the pioneer of a doctrinal and devotional work, for which it clears the ground and prepares the way. Indeed, a hint of this is given; and there are passages in the volume which almost anticipate the spiritual end of the careful discussions.

The legal training of the author shows itself in the clearness of statement, the arrangement of the argument, the steady logical progress, the accurate references, which give chapter and verse for every assertion, and the judicial calmness with which the examination goes on. In this respect the book resembles the famous book of Dupin on the trial of Christ. Every thing here is well considered. There is not a rash or random word. With a wealth of research, with notes as full and as rich in variety as the text is close to its subject, with citations from classic and Christian writers, ancient and modern, — books of travel, books of science, commentary and history, which tempt the eye continually away from the main argument, — the impression is always of sincere work; that all is for the illustration of the subject, and nothing from the vanity of authorship. One feels that only conscience multiplies these redundant testimonies; that they are to justify the plea, and not to show the wide range, of the author's reading. The multitude of references even seems to show a shrinking modesty, an unwillingness that any thing should be taken on trust of the writer's word, an anxiety to be perfectly just and candid, and to avoid all chance of mistake. And in giving authorities, the writer prefers to give those whose names have weight, whose word will be received, and who are easily accessible. He does not, like Mr. Buckle, cite books, which are out of the reach of his readers. And he is careful, also, to translate his Greek and Latin citations, and not leave them to perplex unlearned readers.

The book, though in no sense a dogmatic treatise, either in purpose or in tone, is written from the stand-point of belief, and of belief in the common Evangelical doctrine. It assumes

the Incarnation as a fact, — that Deity took form and shape and flesh in the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. It assumes the inspiration of the record, of the New Testament and of the Old, — that the apostles and prophets and the first law-giver were moved and guided by the Spirit of God in what they said and wrote, and so preserved from error; and that their account of all which they describe, whether of physical nature or of human life, is infallibly true. It assumes the genuineness of that chapter of Matthew's Gospel which tells of the visit of the wise men; and spends no time in disputing the argument of American and foreign critics who deny that Matthew wrote the story. But the orthodoxy of the writer does not, that we can see, prevent his impartial examination of the story, his appreciation of its difficulties or his admission of the objections against it. He could not treat a classic myth more fairly, — Dido with Æneas, or Egeria with Numa. Only, believing that the story is true, he would show by various argument, that it is probable, and what it really means, — would rescue it from the bad fame of a doubtful, fanciful, and self-contradictory legend.

The book is in nine chapters, with an appendix. In the first chapter, the author defines the word "magi," and shows that the bad signification of magician and charlatan, which it had unquestionably in the later times of Greece and Rome, was not its only signification, not its best meaning, not its original meaning; that the magi were wise men, learned men, trustworthy men, skilled in various arts, the advisers of kings, and acquainted with the higher sciences; not such men as Simon the Sorcerer or Appollonius of Tyana, but rather a class of "philosophic prophets," if we may combine these terms. The wise men who came to Bethlehem were of this class; astrologers, perhaps, as they were skilled to read the stars, but not astrologers of the knavish sort, who used the stars to assist their deception and their false divinings. He finds abundant reason for believing that this meaning of the word "magi" was its common meaning among the Jews of Palestine at the time of Jesus.

The second chapter of the volume is an exceedingly close

and ingenious discussion of the meaning of the word ἀνατολῶν, by which Matthew characterizes the place from which the magi came. It is shown that the rendering, "from the East," does not sufficiently designate the meaning of this word; that it should read, "from the Far East;" and that there is an evident distinction between this plural form without the article, and the singular form with the article, in the verse that follows. "The East," as the argument shows, is Babylonia, the famous Chaldean land. But the "Far East," the proper land of the magi, is Persia, beyond the hills,—a country with other customs and with another faith. If patient pleading, and the collation of historic and archæologic facts, can establish so nice a proposition, an excellent *prima facie* case has certainly been made out. The argument, too, is a scripture argument, and is justified by the use of language in the prophecies of the Hebrew Bible.

Having decided that the magi were Persians, the author proceeds, in his third chapter, to set forth the character and religion of the Persians, the resemblance of their faith to the Hebrew faith and the doctrine of the Zend-avesta as preparing the way for the gospel of Christ. He finds a striking likeness, almost a coincidence, between the teaching of Zoroaster and the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. This likeness has been shown by many writers, English and German, in these last years; and professors of Christian theology now willingly expound to their classes the theses of the Persian sage as the testimony which the heathen brings to the truth of the gospel. This Persian system is no longer included among idolatries, and is shown to hold a sublime conception of God and his relation to men, not less than of the duties of man to man and of man to God.

Then, in the fourth chapter, the obscure question of the position of the magi in the Persian Empire is briefly treated. The materials for a judgment here are extremely scanty, and the author has done the best that he could with them. He quotes various authorities, who seem to say that the magi were the theologians of Persia, the men above all others wise in sacred things; and he sums up the statement in saying

that "among the Persians there could be no religious service without the presence of one of the magi. The learned heads of the order had the charge of the education of the monarch. They were judges and counsellors of state. The magi were diviners, astrologers, and interpreters of dreams. They searched into the secrets of future time. They professed to alter the will of God. The order was to Persia what Delphos was to Greece. It was the Persian oracle."

In the fifth chapter of the volume, the relations of the Chaldeans and Persians to the Hebrews are stated; and in the next two chapters the subject is followed up by an account of the enduring influence of Daniel and his teaching upon Persian thought, especially in the expectation of Messiah. Hardly less than among the Hebrews was this Messianic idea traditional among the Persians, almost a part of their national faith. Their wise men expected a great king to come, to come in the Hebrew land, and to come when the signs in earth and heaven should show that the time was at hand. The evidence of the Latin writers shows that this Messianic idea was general and fixed all through the Eastern land.

The eighth chapter of the volume passes to another branch of the general subject,—the consideration of the sign in the heavens, the mysterious Star which guided the magi in their journey. Here the ground is more uncertain, and the way more difficult. There is a scientific protest, and miracle seems to intrude itself into the discussion. There is no intrinsic impossibility that learned men of the Persian nation should expect a great prophet and king from the people whom they had heard of and known as God's people; but that moving star seen in the East, leading their way and resting over a house, seems to bring in a physical impossibility. Kepler's discovery, however, that in the year 747 or 748 of the old Roman era the three planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars were in conjunction, and might be seen as one star of surpassing brightness, gives the suggestion which our author follows to remove the physical difficulty. The magi, who probably had the art of calculating eclipses, occultations, and planetary conjunc-



tions, along with their astrological art, may have calculated beforehand this rare planetary conjunction, and fixed upon the event as the sign of Messiah's coming;—led to this possibly by the tradition, which the Jew Abarbanel mentions, that the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter had preceded the birth of Moses, the first law-giver. Our author, nevertheless, is too earnest a believer in the supernatural, and in the proper subjection of physical forces to such a transcendent fact as that of the Incarnation, to have any wish to remove miracle from the story. To him the star is not a planetary star, but a special star, divinely ordered, keeping its way in heaven, indeed, according to celestial dynamics, but disappearing when its mission was done. The new star, moreover, was a part of their Messianic expectation, a part of the prophecy which had come from a very distant day. The prophecy of Balaam tells of a star to come out of Jacob, and this was the oracular sign which Daniel declared. That the planetary conjunction came about the same time, proves nothing against the theory of a Star divinely appointed. The language of Matthew is certainly explicit. He says nothing of any planetary conjunction. It is a special star which brings the wanderers to the manger at Bethlehem. The closing words of this chapter on Kepler's discovery are one of those flashes of eloquence which break occasionally the calm movement of the discussion. "It is not strange that St. Matthew, even if he knew of them, did not record the planetary conjunctions. They were facts of nature, left to be made known to the Church, when most needful to it, by one solemnly elected of God to publish the laws and harmonies of the material universe: that, coeval with the Advent of the Lord of the heavens and the earth, a new Star shone, heralding this through all the worlds, and dating it through all time; that when He by whom all things were made and without whom, there was not any thing, lay in the manger in Bethlehem, the apparent sign of the glory that he had before he made the worlds was seen in the heavens,—this the inspired evangelist records alike for itself, and for the miracle of its guiding to its Lord in virtue of both of which it holds high place on the eternal page.

“Not then, of those planetary phenomena that Kepler rediscovered, but of a new Star, the magi speak, when they say they beheld the Star of the King. This harmonizes exactly and decisively with their coming. Their pilgrimage might have followed upon the conjunction of the planets; yet the faith that braved the toils and dangers of their long road is so high-toned that it requires that decisive intimation. This accomplishes what all else prepared for. It sent them to Jerusalem. History and science elucidate the sublime lesson of the power, the wisdom, and the reward of Faith in the coming of the wise men to the Lord; yet the gospel alone gives, what the records of history and the researches of science, though tending that way, lack, the full explanation, on its human side, of that abounding and unshaken confidence with which these magi proclaimed, in astonished, affrighted, unbelieving Jerusalem, the birth of its King.” Eloquent words, and very captivating to the devout mind! But the unimaginative scientists will hardly admit their force as explaining interference with the fixed order of nature.

That this admission of a supernatural star seems to favor the pretended science of astrology, our author confesses in the next chapter, which he devotes to the “Astrological element in the narrative.” This belief in astrology in that age was so rooted that it needed no confirmation. Christianity indeed, in seeming by some of its miracles to strengthen astrology, really put an end to it. Astrology, too, with all its absurdities, was not wholly falsehood; and in this instance, at any rate, the reading of the stars was guided by a higher wisdom and to the holiest of ends. The magi may have been astrologers, and used their astrology in this finding of the young child; but we are not to fasten to their art the bad name which it has gained since it has been superseded by the science of astronomy. The magi used their occult art to discover the great secret of the Divinity in Humanity; and that alone would give it dignity. In this chapter the tone is of a gentle mysticism, which reveals in the author the wondering spirit of the Quietists.

And this again comes out, in the tenth chapter, on the “In-

spiration of St. Matthew," which seems to the author so complete, so clear, so self-evidencing, that all argument to prove it is superfluous. "There is a kingdom of grace," he says, "having its harmonies, even as the kingdom of nature hath. To those who have no hearts to feel them, they are as if they were not. Their notions as to this kingdom are as blank as those of a blind man to the Kingdom of Light. A man without eyes might grope about, with a tape-measure, among the houses in Jerusalem, and his measurements somewhat avail; of such value are the researches of men like Strauss in the spiritual Jerusalem. As to some things of an unspiritual kind, their fingers may avail something; but the soul-inspiring harmonies of the kingdom of grace, such cannot know. Can men, born deaf, know the symphonies of Beethoven? Such critics of harmonies, poring over the printed notes of 'The Creation,' and measuring with scale and dividers here and there, on the silent page, may detect typographical errors, make some shrewd and more absurd remarks upon the number, arrangement, and proportion of the dots, be witty and wise over those who see what they cannot see, feel what they cannot feel, in the mysterious scroll; but though the mighty master of the organ unroll, in volumes of majestic sound, the music expressed in these mystic characters, all is a blank to them, save what they glean from the mute symbols of a melody they have no faculty to hear. Our knowledge is not to be called in question, because darkened souls, like Renan's, know it not. A world of sight and sound is not less sure, because such men have no hearing and no sight. The spiritual world, with its truth and harmonies, is none the less a world because they are dead. Its truths and harmonies are the only realities."

The closing chapter, in some respects the finest in the book, not only sums up in concise statement the course of the argument, but offers in exquisite phrase some thoughts upon the unbelieving spirit of the age, and the need of recognizing the higher meaning of prophecy and the events of the sacred record. The moral and spiritual significance of this story, which so many carelessly pass by, comes out to him in its

full beauty. He sees in it the fulfilment of that ancient song in which a gentile prophesied that a "Star should come out of Jacob, and a Sceptre rise out of Israel;" in these strangers coming to Bethlehem, the type of that great multitude which from all nations were to come into the company of the Lord; in the Magi worshipping the young child, the sign of the wise and the good acknowledging allegiance to the greater grace of God in religion. He claims that this story of the wise men lays strong hold not only on the heart of the Church, but on the reason of the Church; that the devout reason calls for some such visible attestation of this as the great truth, that while salvation is of the Jews, its reach is to the gentiles, and its appeal is to the natural piety and the matured knowledge of men. It is the answer of the Church to the question, "How near to the Lord did the nearest of the heathen come?"

This spiritual teaching of the story is only hinted, and will doubtless be more fully exhibited in that sequel, of which the present volume seems to be only the proem and the preparation. The finer qualities of the author's thought will appear in that book, in which the critical spirit will be less prominent. But the present volume will be, to all who read it in sympathy with its faith, most interesting and fascinating. It belongs to a class of which we have too few specimens in our life of sensation and intellectual conceit. It is really one of that class which are called, in Germany, books of "*Erbauung*," and which warm the soul by their gentle earnestness and sincerity of conviction more than it could be by any vehemence of rapture. If the other stories of the Evangelical record, which have about them a mystic and transcendent obscurity, such as the temptation, the transfiguration, the agony in the garden, the resurrection, could be treated in this way, the result would be more edifying than the result of attempting to rationalize what must be accepted as spiritual phenomena, if accepted at all. A sorry bungle the interpreters make of it, who attempt to show any natural way in which the Christ was transfigured, or raised from the dead, or taken up into heaven. These narratives are stories of the Spirit, and are not to be judged by those



who have no faith in the Spirit. They are better peremptorily rejected, as fiction and folly.

Not all minds are constituted like the mind of the imaginative student of the gospel, who, in the long months and years of his thought and inquiry, has found this secret of the story of the wise men, and is moved to tell it; and not a few even of those who call themselves students in the Scripture, will perhaps pass the book by, as too slight for their heed. But others will welcome it, as a real contribution to the spiritual understanding of the legend which is still printed in the record, and which destructive criticism has not yet displaced. Even to those whose faith is different, who have other views of inspiration and of the nature of the Christ, the reading of a treatise so reverent, so wise, and so gentle in its spirit, while it is so positive in its tone, cannot be without profit. Orthodoxy, in this mild and gracious form, almost wins one away from the heresy which refuses to bow before the Cross, or worship any creature, even the holiest, who is born of woman. There are two forms in which the orthodoxy of our time shows itself, which have no attraction for the liberal believer, — the hard, dogmatic, self-righteous form of command and threatening; and the cunning, dialectic form, which would beguile by the speciousness and the subtilty of its logic. But the orthodoxy, which, without compromise or concealment, speaks modestly its word, not claiming a right, and hardly expecting a hearing, in the din of the world's voices, the orthodoxy that is content to bring new light from some obscure passage of the sacred volume, if haply it may give comfort to some inquiring soul, the orthodoxy of a kindled and waiting imagination, that sees through all the noise and hurry of this worldly excitement the quiet glow of the heavenly life that surrounds it, is unspeakably refreshing. Such is the orthodoxy of this story of the wise men.

ART. III.—MR. FOLSOM'S TRANSLATION OF THE  
GOSPELS.

*The Four Gospels: translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf, with the Various Readings of Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Meyer, Alford, and others; and with critical and explanatory Notes.*  
By NATHANIEL S. FOLSOM. Boston: A. Williams & Company.  
1869. 12mo, pp. 476.

THE appearance of this work, simultaneously with that of Dr. Noyes, is encouraging to those who retain the old-fashioned regard for scriptural criticism. We had feared that the class of studies from which these books originated, was passing into neglect. The tendency of recent thought has not, on the whole, been favorable to their pursuit. The search for the exact meaning of texts in the Bible, which was so earnestly undertaken when those texts were thought to be the very utterance of the Holy Spirit, engages less interest when they are regarded as the language of human writers. Doctrinal discussions, too, have lost, with the majority, that charm which they possessed even a third of a century since; and where they are still carried on, it is less by the weighing and measuring of proof-texts, than by appeal to reasoning of a more general character. It is but natural that the change in modes of thought thus indicated, should affect injuriously for a time that branch of theological study which is concerned with the minutiae of words and sentences; and as the ancient Fathers have been less read since Protestants learned to appeal from their authority to that of Scripture, that Scripture itself should be less critically studied, now that the appeal is so often taken from its decisions to the tribunal of reason.

But if Biblical criticism has no longer the high claim which it formerly advanced, as the interpreter of the very words of God, it is still worthy of attention as explaining the utterances of holy men, and by the aid it affords in the solution of questions which have been only of late prominently brought for-

ward. If it seem of less importance now than it once did, to determine what Moses meant by the command, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk," criticism is now called to give her testimony on the deeper question, whether Moses gave any commandments at all, of those which we now possess. If we care not now, as much as in former years, about the construction to be put upon the proem to John's Gospel, we have still to look at texts not less carefully than of old, to determine whether, and in what sense, we have a Gospel according to John. Learning still has its claims, though their ground may vary. It is not yet time for the Christian world to disown its obligations to the great scholars, the Mills and Griesbachs of former days, and the Tischendorfs and Alford of our own, through whom we know what it was that evangelists and apostles wrote of old; nor to be indifferent to the labors of those who, like Noyes and Folsom, give us the faithful interpretation of those sacred writings.

The work before us is the result of many years' arduous study by one who has brought to his task qualifications of a very high order. Mr. Folsom is known to the Unitarian community as having filled for many years, with success, the position of Professor of Sacred Literature in our Western Divinity School. To the Orthodox Congregationalists he is also known, as having held among them positions of importance, both as instructor and as preacher. Change of theological position has had with him, less than is usually the case, the result of producing alienation among those he left; for none who knew him have doubted of his sincerity and conscientious earnestness to know the truth. Being by the result of his studies, aided by his natural temperament, on the very boundary line between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, averse to all extremes of opinion, and scrupulous not to profess either less or more than he actually believed, the views which he regarded as true seemed to him at one time to lie on one side of that dividing line, and at another time beyond it; and whatever was his conscientious judgment, he did not shrink from declaring. But neither party could gain from him, had they desired it, a denunciation of those with whom he had

before agreed. Valuing apparently very little the appearance of consistency, he has been, amid all changes of denomination, consistent to the principles of freedom, of reverence, and of charity. The present age can yield him less sympathy than he would have found from such men as Dr. Pierce and Dr. Lowell, who lamented the breaking up of the Congregational brotherhood, and who, while not Trinitarians, would never consent to bear the Unitarian name.

Such a mind is not fitted for the task of the reformer, whose trumpet must give no uncertain sound. But it has a peculiar adaptation to the pursuits of scholarship, and especially of criticism. Careful in weighing the claims of opposite interpretations, seeking only to know and to state the truth, indifferent how it may affect the success of either party, one possessed of such a mind gains that confidence as a judge which he could never have claimed as a leader. Luther might censure Melancthon for too easy compliance in the matter of the "Interim," but he must look with respect to his judgment of the Greek text.

In presenting instances of Mr. Folsom's renderings, we shall express freely our opinion, whether favorable or unfavorable. And it happens that our first comment is of the latter kind. We do not like the translation of the first words of Matthew's Gospel, "A Record of [the] birth of Jesus Christ." That which follows immediately is not a record of the birth of Jesus, but of his ancestry; and the word γενέσεως is evidently a translation of תּוֹלְדוֹת "generations," as used in Genesis ii. 4, v. 1, vi. 9. The proper rendering, then, is that of Norton and Noyes, "The Genealogy of Jesus Christ."

Matt. i. 23: "IMMANUEL, which being interpreted is GOD [IS] WITH US." Dr. Noyes's translation differs only by omitting the brackets around IS. The introduction of this word, which is fully justified by the Greek idiom, guards the text from being perverted to prove the divinity of Christ. Mr. Folsom's mode of expressing it does more exact justice to the original.

Id. ii. 4, 5, 7: "He inquired of them where the Christ is born." "It stands written through the prophet." "Time of



the appearing star." These renderings are very literal, except "stands written" for γέγραπται; but the Greek idiom has been retained, instead of being exchanged for the English.

16: "Slew all the boys." Dr. Noyes has it "male children." Either rendering is a great improvement on the common version "children," for there is no justice in exaggerating the cruelty even of a Herod. "Boys" is a more literal and a stronger rendering than "male children."

Id. iii. 15: "Permit just now." The word *just* seems to us to introduce a wrong idea, — that of there being any especial cause for the permission at that moment more than at another. It does, however, express the usual meaning of the Greek particle; but we suggest, on Schleusner's authority, that ἄρτι, "now" takes the place of the Hebrew עַתָּה, — a particle expressing entreaty, rather than time.

17: "In whom I became well pleased," ἐν ᾧ εὐδόκησα. Mr. Folsom, in his preface, justifies this rendering, by reference to the fundamental idea of the aorist tense, that of "momentary action, and generally past, though sometimes very recent action." He considers this rendering equivalent to that of Winer, *whom I took into favor*, "expressing to our human conception the reason in the spirit and life, in the mind and character of Jesus, why he was now sent forth with power from on high to teach and to save." (p. 8.)

Id. iv. 6: "Cast thyself down below." Below seems an unnecessary addition.

Id. v. 14: To hide a lamp under a "measure" seems better than the "bushel" of the common version. So verse 17th, "I have not come to destroy, but to complete," gives a better meaning than "to fulfil." But "not one smallest letter nor tip [of one]" in the next verse, seems rather a paraphrase than a translation. In the 20th verse is an expression which occurs also afterwards, "Unless your righteousness exceed that of the scribes and Pharisees, you *should* in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." This use of the potential mood in English, for the second aorist indicative in Greek, may perhaps be well defended; but, surely, the auxiliary ought not to be such as to imply that entrance into the king-

dom of heaven was *possible* to such persons, though not *proper*.

41. "And whoever shall impress thee one mile, go with him two." "Impress" gives accurately the meaning of ἀγγαρεύσει.

Id. xiv. 2. "This is John the Baptist: he himself had risen from the dead, and on this account the mighty deeds are at work in him." The rendering of the aorist by the English pluperfect in this case is harsh; and if ἐνεργούσιν ἐν αὐτῷ be here rightly translated, δυνάμεις must mean, not "mighty deeds," but the "powers" by which those deeds were performed.

Id. xviii. 6. "It is for his advantage that a millstone of the largest size be hung about his neck, and he be sunk in the open sea." Here, in the endeavor at accurate rendering of the individual words, the sentence is weakened. Dr. Noyes's translation is here preferable, "a great millstone." Μύλος ὀνικός means a millstone so large as to be turned by an ass, instead of by the hand.

In Luke ix. 55, both our translators are compelled, by the decision of Tischendorf, to reject from the text that beautiful reproof of intolerance, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." With this decision, the best manuscripts and the best critics agree. Whoever inserted them had the mind of Jesus, if not his very words. Mr. Folsom suggests in his notes the probability that the words were "really uttered by him, and if not originally in the text of Luke, afterwards put in the margin."

Besides the Translation, Mr. Folsom gives an account of the various Readings with the authorities in support of each; whether by the testimony of critical editions, manuscripts, or quotations by the early Fathers. This portion of the book must have required unwearied labor in its preparation. It presents more than forty pages of double columns, of great value to the critical student for purposes of reference; but chiefly interesting to the general reader, as showing how little these various readings affect the sense of scripture, while, in the few instances which are of great importance, he has thus before him the authorities on either side. As a speci-

men of this portion of the book, we transcribe the statement respecting the passage last referred to, Luke ix. 55.

"55. \* om. 'and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' Gb<sup>oo</sup> Lm Td Tg Al w. & A B C E &c. itt fu cop æth Bas Cyr Jer. But insert it, D. F w. K M U / curss itt vg all the syrr &c."

The above, expressed more fully, would inform us that the omission is sanctioned by Griesbach as probable, by Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Alford, with the Sinaitic Ms., the Alexandrine, Vatican, Ephraem, Basle, and other uncial MSS., the valuable cursive MS. numbered 33, and others, some copies of the old Italic, and the Fulda copy of the Vulgate, the Coptic and Æthiopic version, and the early Fathers Basil, Cyril, and Jerome. In favor of inserting the words, are the Cambridge and five other uncial MSS., some cursives, some copies of the old Italic, the Vulgate in most copies, all the Syriac versions, &c.

The remainder of the volume, about one-fourth, is devoted to Notes on the Gospels. These are partly in explanation and defence of the author's renderings of the passages to which they relate, and on that account should be consulted by all who would judge fairly of the translation. Repeatedly we have, at the first glance, thought Mr. Folsom's rendering strange and indefensible; but, on turning to the Notes, have found that there was authority for it, which, if not always sufficient to satisfy us of its correctness, at least showed that it was not the result of caprice or the love of novelty, but of the judgment of a careful scholar.

It may be thought capricious to translate the words of the Magi, "we have seen his star *in its rising*," when, just before, we had been told that they were "from the East;" but the Notes not only tell us of the authority of other critics for the change, but draw attention to the fact, that *ἀνατολή*, in the singular, elsewhere signifies "rising," while "the East" is, elsewhere as here, indicated by the plural. Mr. Folsom's rendering corresponds with the distinction observed, in every instance, throughout the New Testament and the Septuagint; besides giving a more lively and positive turn to the phrase.

We regard it, accordingly, as well sustained, if not fully justified.

So again at the first glance, it seems a causeless and useless change to substitute "happy" for "blessed" in the beginning of the "Sermon on the Mount;" but turning to our author's notes we are reminded that "There are two other words, *ἐυλογητός* and *ἐυλογημένος*, both, also, translated 'blessed,' while "the word 'happy,' in modern usage, expresses the sense wherever the word *μακάριος* occurs. And," as he goes on to point out, "it is the *adequate* sense in this passage." Though, therefore, we shall still call those precious sentences "the Benedictions," we are satisfied that Jesus spoke of a happiness which should spring naturally, and therefore providentially, from the virtues he inculcated.

The value of the Notes, however, is by no means confined to the account they give of the author's principles of translation. They often present a most instructive and impressive commentary; the more instructive and impressive because brief. The admirable note on the Temptation, for example, despatches all the questions about time and place, and a personal appearance of the Evil One, in half a page, briefly setting aside that bald literal interpretation, which few scholars would now defend; devotes a somewhat longer space to answering the suggestion of Schleiermacher and Norton, that the whole was a parable; and then goes on, in two pages, to describe, with great force and beauty, the trains of thought in the Saviour's mind, which constituted the successive temptations, with the scenes and circumstances that gave rise to them; closing with a short and striking practical application.

Another fine instance of a note rendering intelligible a difficult subject, is that on the proem of the Gospel according to John. The author clearly points out how frequent was the use of personification, especially as applied to the Divine Wisdom, by the Old Testament writers, by the later Jews, as in the Apocrypha and the writings of Philo, and by the Saviour himself. We do not, however, agree with Mr. Folsom in his translation of the last clause in the first verse, "and God was the Word;" for, not only is it permitted by Greek



usage to consider the noun which follows the verb as the subject of it, but the next verse appears to us to decide the question. "This was in the beginning with God." What is the antecedent of "this?" Surely not "God;" the writer would not say, "God was in the beginning with God." "The Word" is the antecedent; the subject of the first two clauses is the subject of the fourth also, and we can hardly avoid, therefore, regarding it as the subject of the intervening clause. In the third verse, Mr. Folsom rightly guards against expressions by which nearly all preceding translators have given to the verb *ἔγενετο* a much stronger meaning than it possesses. We are not sure, however, but, that in avoiding the idea of creation, the term he selects suggests another, which goes beyond the meaning of *ἔγενετο* in a different way. "*Arose into being*" seems to imply growth, if not self-creation. Mr. Sawyer, though not always happy, seems to us to have here the right word, "*existed*." We agree with Mr. Folsom's translation of "*it*," rather than "*him*" for *αὐτοῦ*. Neither rendering is adequate, because either excludes the meaning of the other, while the original admits both.

We will not pursue further an examination of Mr. Folsom's rendering of this important passage. Enough, perhaps, has been said, to show the care with which the task has been performed, and the claim which this rendering, and the note which accompanies it, have to the attention of all who desire fully to understand this "Golden Proem."

In his notes to John v. 1, and vi. 4, Mr. Folsom states briefly, but very clearly, the grounds of different judgments respecting the length of the Saviour's ministry, with the names of the most distinguished scholars who have favored the respective opinions. His own conclusion appears to be that the "feast," mentioned in John v. 1, was not that of the Passover, but of Purim; that, consequently, three Passovers, and only three, were included in the ministry of Jesus, making its whole length about two and a half years.

Still more important is the note on John xii. 1, in which the translator examines the alleged discrepancy between the Fourth Gospel, and the Synoptics, with regard to the time of

the institution of the Last Supper. The grounds on which this discrepancy has been asserted, are examined by Mr. Folsom, in his usual condensed but thorough manner. He considers the words "before the feast of the Passover" as referring, not to what occurred at the supper, but to the knowledge which was in the mind of Jesus. The writer does not mean, "Before the feast of the Passover, Jesus washed his disciples' feet," but "before the feast of the Passover, Jesus knew what was about to occur; and, loving his disciples, he was thus induced, when the Passover had come, and they were all met together, to give them this striking lesson of humility and attachment." He points out that the expression, "Buy what we have need of for the feast," John xiii. 29, may have related, not to the paschal supper, but to the continued festival; and, in regard to the scruple of the scribes against entering the Prætorium, "that they might not be defiled, but might eat the Passover" (xviii. 28), he observes that, conceding that the paschal supper is meant, "precautions not to be defiled would be entirely groundless, on the supposition that the supper was not to be until the next evening; for, by bathing in the course of the day, before they ate, they could wash away the defilement." He therefore supposes their participation in the Passover supper to have been delayed by their eagerness for the arrest and condemnation of Jesus; and that, their purpose now was, as soon as that condemnation was decreed, to return to their homes and satisfy the demands of the law, by partaking of the Passover before sunrise.

On John xviii. 39, Mr Folsom well remarks, that "the proposal of Pilate to release a prisoner, according to his custom at the Passover, is more appropriate to the festival having already commenced." On the word "preparation," as applied to the day when Jesus was crucified (xix. 14), he shows that it could not mean preparation for the Passover, but simply, according to common usage, and as evidently employed in other verses of the same chapter (31, 42), preparation for the Sabbath, that is, Friday.

Thus the imagined discrepancy, not only between this

Gospel and the others, but between this and the well-attested practice of the Apostle John, disappears when fully investigated; and we are not compelled to believe that in the midst of the Quartodeciman controversy, about the time of keeping Easter, a book was surreptitiously introduced as the work of the Apostle John, and found unopposed reception, which gave testimony on that subject contrary to the well-known opinions and practice of John himself.

Of the Notes in this volume, more than half are on the Gospel of John, and they constitute a valuable commentary on that most spiritual book.

The volume of Mr. Folsom is not, like some new translations of works that had never been well rendered before, a book to be taken up for the mere pleasure of meeting with obvious improvements. Most readers will prefer the old version to this, or to that of Dr. Noyes, or to any other that could be made; for there are dear and sacred associations with the venerable book which has done so much, through three centuries and a half, for the language, the mind, and the heart of the English race. But of new translations of the Bible, and especially of this, the value is to the student, — to the intelligent reader, who, though, perhaps, familiar only with the English language, yet wishes to know the true meaning of what prophets and apostles wrote in Hebrew and in Greek; and would fain have a distincter knowledge than the common manuals afford, of that region wherein so much of learned labor has been expended, — of the collation of manuscripts, and the comparison of interpretations. In this region, the translation of the New Testament by Dr. Noyes covers a wider ground; and, besides departing less from the old rendering, possesses the advantage of a more idiomatic English style, which the book before us has sometimes lost, through its exceeding faithfulness; but this affords, with regard to that portion of the New Testament which it renders, advantages in the careful presentation of authorities, in its valuable notes, and often in its attention to the finer shades of meaning. We anticipate for it, among scholars of various denominations, abroad, as well as here, not certainly general popularity, but

a respectful reception, and a continued and increasing appreciation; and though we cannot expect that it will make, to the diligent and faithful scholar by whom it has been prepared, any adequate return for the amount of learning and of labor which he has devoted to it, we trust that it will gain for him an honored place among those who have devoted years of toil to the illustration of the sacred volume.

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ART. IV.—THE DIVINE TEACHINGS IN NATURE.

*A Vacation Sermon. Preached in the Boston Music Hall, Sept. 19, 1869.*

“Doth not even Nature itself teach you?”—1 Cor. xi. 14.

WHEN a generous man on a winter night sits in his comfortable house, snugly sheltered from the elements, and hears the tempest rattle against the window-panes and howl over the chimney-tops, he cannot but feel a pang of commiseration for the homeless wanderers in the storm, and the poor families through whose dilapidated dwellings the rain oozes on bed and hearth. When friends crowd around him with cordial words and smiles, and every load is lifted and every sorrow sweetened by social kindness, the heart of such a man will ache for the outcasts who go on their way bleeding and fainting, with none to stanch their wounds or speak the words of pity for which they sigh. So the man who is privileged to lead a blessed inner life of books, meditation, philosophy, and sentiment, when he thinks of his favored lot, must feel unutterable gratitude for such prerogatives, and be sensible of an obligation, in return, to do something for those who are shut out from these high ranges of thought and beauty, this ideal world of truth and emotion. Contemplating the great multitude doomed to sweat under the hardships of physical labor, he instinctively asks himself, By what right am I thus exempt from the yoke of muscular drudgery and the cares of business? How is it, that, while so many others are enslaved



in the anxious routine of the world, I, without one vexing thought of outward traffic or toil, am lapped in elysian studies and dreams of order, truth, beauty, and goodness; soaring beyond the heaven of heavens in imaginative contemplation, kneeling before the throne of God in visionary worship, thrilled with rapture at the prospect of human redemption and blessedness in the happy ages far ahead?

Evidently for no merit of his is he so distinguished; and the duty is consciously borne in on him that he ought to distribute whatever of peace, delight, ideal glory, soothing belief, and helpful wisdom, these peculiar advantages may afford him, to soften what is hard, to enrich what is meagre, and to elevate what is low in those on whom the harsher work and weariness of the world have fallen.

Many a time has this vein of feeling risen in me, my friends, during these last golden weeks which have flown so swiftly and are ended now so soon. When I have sat on some cliff overhanging the sea, and looked on the mystery of its blue glancing wastes, or listened to the monotonous plash with which its everlasting ripple kisses the strand, — when I have stretched myself in the clover while the hand of God cooled my brow, taking the fragrant breeze of summer for his fan, — when I have climbed to a mountain-top, and gazed for hours on the fields and ponds and villages of our dear free New England spread smilingly below, — when, spellbound in the study of the upper chamber and gorgeous upholstery of the atmospheric powers, I have watched the ineffable pomp of clouds, lazily marching, gathering, floating, dissolving against the intense azure ceiling of noon, — I have said to myself, How else so well can I repay my people for the kindness which allows me to enjoy these luxuries of unbroken quiet and unveiled nature, while the most of them stay at their tasks in the hot and noisy city, — what better can I do than describe to them the stainless pleasures I have enjoyed, recount to them the holy lessons I have learned, that they may take home to themselves the same instruction, and thus share in the profit I have known? Accordingly, the subject of my sermon this morning is the Divine Teachings in Na-

ture, or Country Lessons for the city : a Pastor's Vacation Sheaf. And if any conventional hearer object to this style of preaching as sentimental and unevangelical, perhaps his objection will vanish when he remembers that it was the Christ himself who set the example of this very mode and substance of instruction, in exhorting his auditors to consider the moral lessons afforded by the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field, the trees, the grass, the wind, the hen and her chickens. The disciple may well afford to be sentimental and unevangelical in the steps of the Master, and, like him, fall back on the authority of God in nature, who rules the rain and the sunshine, and feeds the young ravens.

The striking question asked of the Corinthians by the Apostle Paul, "Doth not even Nature itself teach you?" may be applied in a wider sense than he intended. In this wider sense let us now understand it, and take it as a key-note for our meditations. Nature being the handiwork of infinite wisdom, the veil of the ever-living God, the medium in which he works and silently registers his attributes, is capable of teaching endless lessons to all who are fitted to learn them. But never is Nature so forcible a teacher as when seen in contrast with the artificiality of society. And never is man so docile a learner as when taken directly from the fever and complexity of society, and confronted with the staidness and simplicity of the ways of Nature. The city is full of contrivance, pretence, haste, and change : every thing there speaks of man, ambition, care, disappointment, or luxury and triumph. The country is aboriginal, sincere, stable : every thing there speaks of the eternal God, of serenity, imperturbable order and fulfilment. He who lives constantly in the country is apt to become blunted — by familiar habit, and the want of any sharp foil, become blunted — to the peculiar lessons of Nature. But when the denizen of the city, harassed by social emulation, pierced by envious arrows, bruised by the cast-iron hearts amidst which his own is tossed, — emerges from the crowd where he has been stung and stifled until unconscious of every thing except the thronged thoroughfare, the tramping multitude, and the smoke and roar, — when he emerges into the sacred

privacy of the country, the untrodden grass, the green trees, the sailing clouds, — nature breaks upon him with a charmed surprise. It seems an undestroyed paradise, still saturated with the Divine Presence. And in the cool of the day he almost hearkens for the voice of the Lord to break the spell, and audibly speak his will in the oracles of leaf and lake, bird and breeze and blossom.

The first country lesson for the city which I shall specify, is the lesson of repose taught by the quiet of the landscape. As soon as we leave the town-limits behind us and get fairly into the country, how still every thing seems! In contrast with that incessant trample of feet, rumble of wheels, clash of hammers, multitudinous buzz of business, to which we have grown accustomed, how primeval, sober, and serene, is all around us here! One might imagine that the world had fallen into slumber, or that there was a general pause in life, the great pulse of creation standing still awhile. But on closer inspection we find that the apparent hush comes from no lack of varied industry and energy, only from the harmony of the whole, and the patient regularity with which it goes on. Is it not a fine admonition to us so to adjust our aims and passions as to avoid frictions and jars, and carry our plans forward with a melodious execution that appears resting while it advances, as the top, when really moving with the most effective force of evenness and speed, seems to sleep motionless.

It is profoundly impressive to pause in mid-forest or meadow, where the horrid discord of the steam-engine never reaches, when not so much as the wing of an insect or the rustle of a leaf dispels the enchanted repose, and reflect how much vaster and deeper quiet is than noise. The deafening turmoil of the city rages; but, a little way out, eternal stillness broods. The roar and dash of waves vex the surface of the sea; but, a little way down, everlasting calm prevails. Whirlwinds, volcanoes, battles, convulse for a moment their petty centres on our globe as it rolls along in its orbit; but, all around it, and far abroad through boundless space, not a breath is up, and the stars smile in perfect silence for ever.

So should our fret and care, our grief and fear, ever be lost in an all-containing perception of beneficent law which brings beneath and over our whole experience of sorrow and of doubt an unbroken quietude of trust and cheer. As the ceaseless heave and fret of the city are set in the embosoming quiet of the country, so, let us feel, our ignorance is overswept by the knowledge, our weakness underlaid by the strength, our little restlessness surrounded by the infinite repose of God.

Nature herself, then, by the universal serenity which invests the broad aspects of the general landscape, teaches us not to worry. When duly impressed with this teaching, we stroll off into the woods, and there learn our second lesson, which is the duty of trustful resignation. In the woods, Nature takes us to the innermost recesses of her confidence, as it were into her very bosom and heart. Here we are at the farthest possible remove from the city, in the utterest contrast with all its mechanical structures, affected pictures, and forced habits. There is no falsehood here, no hypocrisy, no rebellion; nothing overstrained or artful here. All is true and simple. Every thing is in keeping. Nothing here was made or is compelled: every thing grew, and is spontaneously what it is. Among these mosses and brambles there is no jostling or heart-burning. That elder-berry on the edge of the swamp is not anxious to be yonder barberry beside the stone-wall. This lichen clings with fond tenacity to its own place on the rock. These chestnuts and those walnuts show no dissatisfaction with their respective quality and situation. An expression of content reigns supreme in the forest. There is no complaining nor resistance. Every thing accepts the nature given it and the corresponding destiny assigned it, with a graceful acquiescence, and never is one sour murmur heard. This is the fine lesson the woods have for man, — unrepining submission to his allotted fate. The trees stand in the places where God plants them, send their roots down to drink in the water-courses of the earth, lift their leaves up to drink in the upper veins of the air, sway and yield to every wind that beats them, drop their yellowed foliage, and, at last, fall and mix



in their ancestral mould without a cry. Thus they mutely address the man who, lying in their shadow in the summer days, listens to their leafy tongues. And they say, O man! resist not the ordinances of your Maker, but with entire submission accept the particular destiny appointed for you. Your chief miseries come from rebellion: be content to be yourself, making the best of your gifts without vanity, hate, or complaint; and you shall find, in the submission we teach you, a fathomless good, a wondrous grace, a happiness unknown to you before.

The next lesson to which I wish to call your attention is the lesson of innocence and blithesomeness taught to man by Nature through the birds. Of all the varied phenomena with which Nature engages the attention and touches the heart of the man who goes from the city to pass a summer in the country, nothing else appeals with such force to every uncorrupted sentiment of his soul as the birds do by their beauty, their winsome ways, their guiltless mirth. In contrast with man laden with anxiety, distressed with jealousy, oppressed with troubles and alarms, scarred with sins, and lashed by guilt, with what a pathetic aspect of carelessness, sport and joy, does the entire panorama of insect society and bird-life pass before our view! Guiltless, free, happy to the brim, appear they all. The grasshopper, as he clinks and springs in the grass, suspects no ill, and is altogether contented. The bumblebee, loaded with honey, but not with scandal, winds his horn as he nears the hive, and, depositing his sweet burden, folds his wings for the night in perfect peace. The sparrows that chirp in loving company on a twig, or build their nest on the ground in the shelter of some rock or shrub, harbor no malice, plot no deceit, but are as glad and contented as they can be. Through all the hours of the day every bird has his own voice, and his song addresses a different sentiment in the breast of the listener. There is, on the one extreme, the jocund warble of the lark poised in the cloud just reddening with sunrise, as if he had hearkened all night to the music of the angels, and were just coming down to bring us such snatches as he could remember. There is, on

the other extreme, the plaintive note of the whippoorwill whose lachrymose cry adds a pensive lonesomeness to the twilight. But in their varied range of key and tune no man whose mind is quick and whose heart unhardened can listen to them without the profoundest emotions. At one time they move an aching melancholy, as he reflects on the sins that have defiled him, or recalls the cherished comrades of other days now dead and forgotten. At another time they impart heavenly comfort and joy, as he turns to better thoughts of penitence and purity, unsullied sympathy and peace.

Far from any house or road, I climb upon the fence, and sit quietly there, leaning against an oak that half conceals me. The woods stretch away on my right; on the left are broad fields, partly wild, partly cultivated, and at my feet a wimpling streamlet glides along its bed with a low runnelling sound. Here, hour after hour, I sit and watch the blameless songsters as they play and sing; and many a mood of mingled sadness and pleasure steals over my soul, many a thought of things holy and pure comes and goes, and many a godly wish and longing is stirred in my heart. A robin alights on the margin of the rivulet, and, dipping in the water, carefully washes his coat of russet gold. Ah, beautiful bird! Wast thou sent to tell me how much I need to cleanse my soul from the stains of evil deeds and guilty desires? Yonder quail, rising out of the wheat with sudden whirr, seems whistling to tell me how blithe his bosom is, and how free from every wicked care. See that blue-jay tilting on the corn-stalk. How proud he is of the handsome dress God has clothed him in! How jauntily he tosses his head! His conscience does not upbraid him with any offences. *He* has never lied, nor cheated his neighbor, nor profaned his Maker's name! And then I think of the hapless wretches, high and low, rich and poor, whom the vicious and haughty city holds in its embrace, full of envy and selfish plots, full of corrupt passion and restlessness and pain and sorrow; and, half aloud, I involuntarily exclaim, Oh, ye guilty, hating, deceived, care-burdened, miserable ones! Come from your haunts of toil and woe. Come here beneath this old oak-tree. Look upon

these merry creatures of God who neither sow nor spin. Harken to their mutual chatter as they flock amid the branches, and their jubilant hymns as they soar to the sky. Think how sinless they are, and how happy. Apply the lesson of their joyous innocence to your scarred and weary hearts. With pious and loving purposes purge every rankling passion away. And as you return to your wonted abodes the clattering and noisome city shall seem swathed in surrounding peace, and smell sweet, borrowing a grace and charm not its own from the remembered glimpses of the country — the splendor of the grass, the glory of the flower, the wavering carpet of forest and field, the scents of wild thyme and honeysuckle and clover, and the careless melodies with which the winged choirs of the air sprinkle heaven and earth.

On another day we wander in a different direction, and explore the course of a lovely brook through meadow and thicket, through grove and dell; as here it creeps in snake-like noiselessness between the grass; there purls over the pebbles, babbling inarticulate tales of coolness, freshness, purity; again dashes foamily with splash and gurgle among the opposing rocks. Now in its transparent breast it mirrors all that is on its banks, and the clouds that float so far above it. Then it pauses in the hollow of a rocky glen and forms a pool so lucid and spotless that one almost deems that he might bathe his soul there and make it clean. Tracing the crystal truant to its origin on an eminence not remote, we find the fountain so divided by a huge boulder that one half its overflow runs down the westerly side, and finds an oozy death in a morass, while the other half, turned over the easterly side, directly reaches the ocean. Moralizing on this contrasted course and fate, we reflect how frequently two children, starting from the same household, run antagonistic careers, — one through vice and sloth to an end of swampy oblivion, the other through hardy virtue and toil to a true success.

But all along the course of the brook, whose brink we tread from its fount to its exit, we notice the charming scenery, the increased vividness and growth of verdure, the coming of birds and cattle to quench their thirst, and the constant lapsing

of the current through all its windings, moment by moment, ever forward toward the irrevocable sea. And we learn the lesson we need, when we sigh, with a resolute purpose to make it so, Oh, that in our lives, as in this brook, use, gayety, beauty, music, and the embraced heaven, might all be conjoined in an unpausing progress toward the attainment of our genuine end!

If the lessons thus far presented belong rather to the soft sentiments of the soul, the poetic side of life, it is because that is where average men, selfish, hard, and careless, most need impression and instruction, and not because Nature is destitute of teachings of a sterner type. The oak, wringing strength out of every gale with which it tugs, answering the storms of successive years by clinging to the stone with a tougher root and meeting the blast with a sturdier breast and raising a stiffer top through the icy sleet; the shore, resisting all encroachments with a firmness that never yields; the cliff, facing all weathers and attacks without flinching:—these show how we ought to meet enemies, withstand temptations, defy every threat and seduction. Very frequent are the occasions in this world, so full of dangers, foes, and allurements, when these more martial exhortations also are needed. Many a coward, many a fickle flutterer, might be benefited by moralizing the examples of the indomitable strength and persistency of Nature. In what tremendous power of self-assertion and unfaltering service the mountains tower before the traveller who muses on their silent speech! Age after age, the cold stars of winter glitter on their heads, the streams rush down their sides, the harvests wave at their feet. The thunder-bolts have splintered their peaks, the rains and frosts have denuded their rocky ribs, the tempests have dashed against their shoulders, for a million years. Yet they lift their steady fronts to the night and the sun, doing their duty with a proud heedlessness or quiet scorn of opposition, in eternal defiance of the torrent, the whirlwind, and the lightning. Should not man, constantly exposed as he is to be beguiled, threatened, assaulted, take the lesson, and, like these adamant monitors, rooted to the centre by granite



principles of righteousness, serenely lift himself both to the kisses of prosperity and the buffets of adversity, and feel that in the flood of evanescent vanities sweeping around him, character, duty, goodness, and trust are the everlasting landmarks of God!

Nature teaches us a still further lesson when we follow her invitation to the hill-top, — the lesson of elevation above the ignoble ills and compromises of life. In the city, we are apt to be so occupied with the press of affairs, the voices and struggles of men around us, as to be quite absorbed in the cares and attractions of the ordinary level of things, and to lose sight of those grand heights of meditation and virtue whence the vulgar world and all the kingdoms thereof are easily commanded. But, in the country, we can hardly look far in any direction without beholding some eminence that looms in lofty superiority to the subjacent neighborhood. Nature lures us by many a tempting bribe, half-shown, half-concealed, to climb to her throne and survey the landscape there outspread to view in its sublime dimensions. We cannot long resist, and having once gone, we repeat the visit often till we have thoroughly drunk in the glory of the scene.

Never, never shall I forget the pictures shown to me by the God of Nature, during the past summer, and the emotions awakened by them. Many a time, seated on the granite crown of Mount Kearsarge, gazing abroad on the exquisite and immense panorama of New England, recalling to mind the providential history, the proud names, the free institutions, the splendid hopes and promises of America, my very heart has seemed to grow to the hills and vales and woods and streams and towns and the sky spread above them; and I have felt the noble lesson of patriotism so intensely, that it was no wonder to me that a million men, springing up, with their lives in their hands, to protect their threatened country, had hallowed its whole soil with their martyr dust.

Original *religious* experiences, too, will not unfrequently be given to the sensitive contemplator who haunts the mountain brow. One such, especially, I recollect. The sun, the great upholsterer of the sky, was busy, that day, coloring the

changeable drapery with which he had hung and decked his dome. Here, he spread his dazzling fleeces; there, he tinged his floating curtains; yonder, he rolled up his black shrouds of rain and thunder. As I gazed across the valley, on a great slope of forest opposite, a shower, falling through the air, was powdered into the finest mist as it fell; and this, filled with sunshine, became a gauzy iridescence, through which the wavy outline and billows of the woods were shown, tinted with inimitable beauty. I seemed to see the creative Artist at work, delighting himself with the touches of his softest brush. If I ever adored God at first hand, it was then. Nor were the words of Jesus Christ forgotten: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

There is a most impressive religiousness of the height, to one who lingers there until the day darkens, the features of Nature disappear, and only the starry crown is visible on her dusky brow. The country lies far below our feet, carpeted with the verdant woods, and with stripes of agricultural green and gold, girdled by the horizon, glimmering with sunset and the sea. Here and there a streamlet threads its way in silver; villages, interspersed with church-spires, spot the scene; farmers' boys drive the cattle home; mists begin to collect in the vale, and the domestic roofs lie in shadow, and travel becomes scanty in the roads, and all sounds of human industry cease to be heard. But it is still light where we are, and a warmth breathes around us, long since lost in the damp lowland. As twilight deepens, and scattered lights begin to twinkle in the houses below, and the everlasting stars shine out on high, and our minds are filled with solemn thoughts, every petty interest falls from us. We feel rapt away from the gross earth, and no longer to have any part in its mean things, its hatreds and vanities; we belong to the incomprehensible whole, the eternal laws, the irresistible purposes of the Creator; we feel His fellowship mysteriously embracing us and all things; we cease to be isolated in self-will, struggling in the net of social rivalries, and become reconciled parts in the harmonious plan of the universe of God. Thus the lesson of the hill-top teaches us to strive always to live on

such an elevation of oversight and insight as will make us magnanimous, resigned, and calm.

Again, Nature yields grave instruction, when, in her harvest, she teaches us the duty of service. We can hardly roam forth in the country during the closing summer and early autumn, and confront the hundred interesting spectacles strewn before us in every direction, without feeling, powerfully impressed on our consciences, the duty of making a fit return for what has been spent on us. Many a good man, still on the earth, or, alas! beneath the sod, has shown me favors and kindness whose benefits remain with me yet; shall I be so ungrateful as not to pay the debt? The farmer sows his seed in the ground, nothing doubting. When it sprouts, he weeds and hoes and carefully nurtures it. In due time it yields him ample returns, — some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some an hundred-fold. Here, shimmer the golden ranks of corn and wave the billows of barley; there, among the wilted vines, protrude the bulging pumpkins and squashes; yonder, the orchard bends under the load of luscious fruit that freights all its boughs; and, abroad in the pastures, the ripe nuts are dropping thick and fast. We at once begin to feel, as we contemplate the teeming harvest, Shall the insensate earth send up such copious proofs of gratitude to the sun and the tiller's hand; and shall we, for whose priceless privileges the ages and nations of the past have travailed, our parents, friends and neighbors have watched and toiled, the laws and institutions of our country have conspired with the gospel of Christ and the Spirit of God, — shall we alone be barren cumberers of the ground? No: by all that is becoming, by all that is obligatory, let us, too, bear good fruits of personal worth and of public service, to show that we were not unworthy of the pains taken with us; that we are grateful for the rich favors we enjoy, and that we are determined to transmit all the blessings we have inherited, burnished to new lustre, and joined with additional ones, to the generations which shall come after us! Nature herself, in her rich and glad harvest-show, teaches us this lesson of our duty to bear some handsome and useful fruit.

I must not dismiss the subject and bind up my sheaf of country lessons for the city, and toss it into your laps, my hearers, without an enforcement of the crowning lesson of all, — the sublime lesson of aspiration and faith inculcated by the sky. It is true the sky overarches us in the city also; but, so thick are the dust and smoke, so impetuous the movements, so loud the clamors of the crowd of men, such the distracting multiplicity of sights and events, on our surrounding level, that we rarely look up at the mighty dome of space, and permit its immensity to impress us, and its unchangeableness to calm and uplift us. While in the country, on the contrary, there is so little to interfere between us and the open heaven, that, as we stroll or pause, by the sea, in the wood, beside the brook, or on the hill, we are ever and anon allured to gaze upward into the obstructless azure, into the inviting and mysterious infinite of space. The largeness of the horizon seems visibly to accompany us everywhere, and a sense of the openness of heaven is consciously with us. This is an incitement to aspiration, to faith, and devotion. For, as we look aloft, we think of supernal things, and yearn for their closer realization. The soul itself follows on the upward eye-beam; and, leaving that behind where it flags, penetrates, beyond the brooding firmaments of stars, into the angelic courts, to the imagined presence of the Most High. Wandering, one cloudless day, on the edge of a little pond in the woods, I observed that I could, at will, either see the deposit of mud and leaves that composed its bottom, or, far, far beneath that dim layer of decay, see the incorruptible sky, the august dome of speckless blue. So, in moral things, may we stay our vision on the changes and failures of time, the sins and griefs of life, the doubt, turmoil, hatred, and despair of the world; or, gazing straight through all these shifting and perishable shapes of ill, feast our souls on the sublime laws and beneficence of the whole, the perfect beauty of truth and good, the unperturbed peace of heaven, the all-embracing providence of God.

The sky not only awakens in us an upward yearning of love and trust, it likewise teaches us a generous lesson of



toleration and kindness. Its amplitude offers impartial and unwearied hospitality to high and low, splendid and sordid, vast and little. Behold, ye acrid wranglers and bigots! the all-enfolding charity of the roofing heaven, and be ashamed of your exclusiveness. That unpillared dome stretches its span in equal grandeur and tenderness over every thing below, bending, with the same divine benignity, above the sublime and the mean. It seems to stand there, with its perpetual blessing and invitation, in rebuke of all narrow intolerance, over-arching alike good and ill, fair and foul, toadstool and temple, the deploying of armies and the sports of children, the monarch's palace and the beggar's grave. Nature is no encourager of bigotry, but liberal to the very core. She loves diversity, admits extremes, hates not even contradictions, desires especially that each thing shall be true to its own law, and that all shall then smile on it. She affects both midnight and sunshine, hurricane and calm; holds in her blue embrace the shapeless crag [and the Parthenon; sheds her glory of light on the eyeball of the eagle, the sepulchre of the scarabæus, the wing of the butterfly, and the track of the slug; drops her necklaces of dew on grass and rose and palm; and wreathes her cloudy turban about the pine-top and the mountain peak. What a lesson is here given by Nature to arbitrary, domineering, and uncharitable men, who bicker with their neighbors over the least difference of opinion, are displeased with every thing not cut to their pattern, without tolerance for that largeness of liberty which so well becomes the offspring of God, and which the true foster-children of Nature must always claim as a birthright! Doth not even Nature itself teach a generous liberality?

Something of the primal divineness of Eden lingers with the country, and, as often as we recur to it, refreshes us with a sense of that immediate presence of God which we are too apt to forget amidst the hurrying schemes and scrambling of the city. Our ancestors dwelt in the country; and their experiences are organically imbedded in our nervous system, where the passing of many a subtle stimulus obscurely evokes them still. Most of us were born in the country; and,

whenever we return thither, if we carry the right mood, the holiest lessons of faith and love are taught us anew. In the city, we get out of connection with, cease to notice, sometimes almost forget, the great elementary phenomena of the seasons, sunrise and nightfall and rain and cloud and river and forest and stars and moon and frost and thunder. It is well, now and then, to strike our social tasks, and revisit the old homestead of Nature. And may we not all adopt for our own, in their essential drift, the words used on a similar occasion by a child of genius, who, thirty years ago, left our streets for a quiet nook in the country ?

“ Good-by, proud world, I’m going home ;  
Thou art not my friend, and I’m not thine.  
Long through thy weary crowds I roam,  
A river-ark on the ocean brine ;  
Long I’ve been tossed like the driven foam ;  
But now, proud world, I’m going home.  
Oh, when I’m safe in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
At the sophist-schools and the learned clan.  
For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet ? ”

With these high words, my dear parishioners and friends, I close, simply saluting you with an affectionate greeting of congratulation on the return of our scattered families, and the recommencement of our congregational service. Let us, in the coming year, awake to a new interest, both in our personal improvement and in the prosperity of our church. With one mind and one heart, let us stand fast together, earnestly laboring alike to build up our souls in true faith, good works, and sound piety, and our society, in numbers, strength, and zeal. May we all work in unison, and each do his part. Then shall we exceedingly flourish and abound.

Thus, returning from my summer vacation in the country, I cast before you my pastoral sheaf. May your co-operation and the blessing of God make it bread of life !

## ART. V. — NATURE'S POLITICS.

INDIVIDUALISM is the clew which modern political thought has followed. The theorists set out with an individual conceived of as morally insulated; they assume that in this insulation he is a full-grown human being; they locate in him certain private rights and interests; and finally, they make it the work of political society to secure to him in its presence that which he is supposed to be fully endowed with in its absence.

This method of thought has its advantages, and will bring into prominence a class of truths that had been left too much in the background. Modern society has long been advancing, and by many roads, toward a condition of greater interior mobility. It is like the change from the wedged mass of the Macedonian phalanx to the more open texture of the Roman legion. But the more there is extended around each man a space for private choice, the more the law of correlation should be grounded in opinion and applied by discipline. Every soldier in the phalanx was more or less held in his place by sheer physical pressure; in the legion a moral force and effect took the place of that constraint, and must be stronger than in the former case to be adequate. The movement toward interior mobility and openness of texture — in other words, toward personal freedom in society — should be a double one, deepening the sense and heightening the effect of unitary law, in proportion to the extension of individual liberty. Doctrines, therefore, which disguise the law of correlation and the grounds of discipline are more fatal in the degree that men are to be united without being packed in mass, to the loss of individual motive and character. It were not without some stretch of ingenuity, and the adroit turning of sharp corners, that one would derive the discipline of the legion from nothing but the native right of each soldier to be where, and do what, might please him best, — to fight and win booty, to go and come, advance or fly, upon his own ac-

count and at his own pleasure. Discipline, military or political, never really came from any such notion; and the notion is dangerous in proportion as freedom of individual movement is to be reconciled with organic integrity. The effect always is, — for it has been many times exemplified, — that the attempt at any such noble reconciliation is abandoned in despair, or falls into a hopeless see-saw between two bad extremes. Chaos comes of it first, and despotism afterwards. From Rousseau to Robespierre, from Robespierre to Napoleon, — there lies the road! The Spanish “republics” in America swing to and fro between dissolution that makes the nation a mob, and tyrants that maul it into a momentary consistency. And though such examples be thought little pertinent to our case, yet the instructions of reason are always pertinent; and reason teaches that the notion of individualism as the primary law, and source of all other law, is never so pernicious as when the object of desire is a reconciliation of private liberty of choice with the regimen of public health.

Yet that conception has dominated political thought, and still more political impulse, for two centuries. From the time when it was systematically explained by John Locke, to be afterwards recast with more brilliancy and less sobriety by Jean Jacques, it has, to the present day, held undisputed, or ineffectually disputed, possession of the field. A protest against it of amazing power has indeed, in our time, been made by a great writer, Thomas Carlyle; but this protest, if I may say so with the respect due to a noble intelligence, seems urged a little beyond the bounds of sanity by the impulse of reaction. So it is that a violent prepossession, pervading an age, destroys on both sides the balance of thought, and permits only the concussion of jarring opposites.

The ground-fact of political society is natural community, or solidarity,\* — not the insulation of the individual, but its

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\* The term “solidarity,” which Kossuth brought into vogue among us, has been so much put to sentimental uses that I employ it with reluctance; but it stands for so great a truth, and one to which the modern customs of speech, dominated by nominalism and individualism are so little adequate, that it cannot well be spared.



precise, and if attention be confined strictly to the primary fact, its extreme, opposite. Happily, history comes here to our aid, showing that this truth is primitive as well as primary, first in the order of time as of importance. Modern analysis begins to cure its own evils, and to reconstitute the history which it was long engaged only in decomposing. Without pretending to original research in these matters, I will briefly state the result obtained by the researches of others,—giving the place of honor to the admirable investigations of Mr. Maine. But as the phenomenon we are to find at the root of civilization is a very curious one, and such as the modern mind will not conceive of without difficulty, we may find it advisable to approach it after a preliminary glance at the order of development in the individual life.

In the individual life the definite sense of self is *not primitive*. The first dawnings of duty are beforehand with it,—the moral and the social consciousness in inseparable fusion with each other. The infant child *obeys* implicitly before coming to a definite recognition of its personality. The first person is the last person with which it becomes acquainted. It has said *papa, mamma* long before learning to say *I*,—giving precedence to the words which engage love and obedience. Coming at length to name itself, it finds the third person nearer than the first. “Jennie hungry,” or “Georgie cold,” the little creature may say, borrowing its self-recognition from others, and therefore using their language. Even when the distinctive self-consciousness is fairly on its feet, the moral and intellectual consciousness remains long enfolded in the primitive matrix, respiring only through thoughts and sentiments not their own. An isolated consciousness is moral death to the child. The childish fear of darkness is but the horror of complete dissociation. Union with the minds of others, and under some sanction of authority, is the first necessity of the young spirit. A boy of ten years asked his father what should be believed on some theological matter. “I can tell you what I think,” said the father; “but you must consider that I may be mistaken: perhaps you had better wait, and make up your own mind about it one of these days.”—

"Oh, but just tell what you believe," exclaimed the other: "just tell!" So the father explained his opinion. "Then I believe so too!" cried the boy. There spoke the nature of a child; nor is it a nature that disappears at twenty-one years of age. "Then I believe so too," — of how many litanies and confessions is that the undertone! It does not suit the humor of this age. We fervidly preach independence, independence: no man to think the thoughts of another; every man to write his own creed and live in his own world! Well, I, too, am one of the moderns, and have my own predilection for intellectual and moral self-subsistence. And yet that day, on which implicit belief and implicit obedience should vanish finally away would give us such a kind of world as not one of us would plead hard to inhabit a second day! Solidarity is the substrate of all virtue, whether of intelligence or of sentiment; and the mind of Plato himself resembles a noble bass-relief upon a Grecian pediment, — a feature clearly cut, but in association with others, and merging with them in a common ground.

Now, it has become almost a commonplace that a correspondence may be observed between the mental growth of the individual and that of the race, or — as I should prefer to say — that of civilization; for, whatever the future may have in store, facts do not warrant us in asserting, as yet, a general advance of the human race. Undoubtedly, such a correspondence appears in the present case. At the root of history, we find a *moral communism*; that is, a group of persons among whom there is not only a community of possessions, but of right, duty, responsibility, conscience. This group has the general character of a family; but it is a family in a sense much more extended than that we are accustomed to,\* — the prototype of the *gens* or clan, which in the natural course of development it becomes. In the bosom of this group is generated a moral sentiment and responsibility

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\* Cyprian Robert says of the Montenegrins, who, like most isolated offshoots of the Slavic race, retain many traits of the primitive commune: "Families are so numerous, that one alone is often sufficient to form a village of several hundred houses."

without distinction of persons. Is one wronged? All are wronged. Does one offend? All are culpable. Does one win honors? The honor is for the group. Family distinction or disgrace, in modern times, preserves a faint trace of primitive morals, which the prevalent individualism strives in vain to obliterate. The moral and the social consciousness were originally one and the same. We separate widely between politics and morals; but the first moral system was a polity, though a polity narrowly limited in scope, and spontaneous in origin.

In our time, a nation is held responsible by other nations for the action of its citizens. John Stuart Mill and Thomas Hughes must be taxed for the depredations of the Alabama. Should the Fenians ever be able, as they have long been trying, to force the United States into a foreign war, those of us who have most resisted their excesses must suffer with the rest; and, with the rest, sustain the national arms or bear the stigma of treason. These facts are little in harmony with the individualist ethics that so many would make exclusive. Of course, the several notions of individual and of national responsibility are in some subtile way reconcilable; but it suffices that they can be reconciled only in a subtile way; the *tournure* of the two is by no means the same. Now, the notion of national responsibility, instead of being an artificial product, and violating ethical law for a purpose, gives us the type of primitive morals. This is the ground from which individual morals have grown. Such is the result of the latest researches into the origins of civilization; and I doubt not that, fifty years hence, it will have been illustrated by many instances which hitherto have either escaped observation, or been observed without a key to their significance.

Distinct vestiges of the primitive commune are still to be seen among Celtic and Slavic populations. In Ireland, the habits of thought and feeling generated by such institutions oppose the most obstinate of all hindrances to the reconstruction of that distracted country; and, in the utter wreck of the *morale* that once supported them, do so without them.

selves affording a basis for public order.\* But the difficulty is in part that the nature of this obstruction has not been understood. From the time when Edmund Spenser brought his indictment of the Brehon Law until the present day, England has been warring in Ireland against mental conditions which it could not comprehend. The change from representative to private property, which she forced upon the latter country, was made in a manner to aggrandize some and depress others in an extreme degree; and it had these vicious accompaniments simply because the old system was not understood.

Among the Anglo Saxons, the principle of the unitive responsibility of the family was pressed with great vigor; and it should be borne in mind that our knowledge of these does by no means go back to the strictly primitive forms of society. The head of the house was held accountable for the conduct of all who belonged to his domestic establishment, down to the meanest dependant. On the other hand, if the father committed a crime, every one of the family, even to the infant in the cradle, was sold with him into penal servitude. Such examples remind one of incidents in Hebrew history. • David has received an affront from Nabal: straightway he sets off, sword in hand, to slay, not Nabal alone, but all the males of the household with him. Modern feeling is shocked; but the inclusion of the household is easily explained. The entire family was understood to do whatever was done by its representative head; as nations now are supposed to do whatever is done by the government. Saxon law, not sparing the females of the family, was more severe than the anger of the Hebrew captain.

Still farther, the Saxons, when they had advanced from spontaneous forms of association to deliberate political construction, continued, in the Hundred and similar institutions, to follow the same clew. Concerning the Hundred, our information is scanty: but we know that it consisted of an

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\* That instant, facile surrender of private conscience, which has given the Irish such incomparable instruments as Mr. Trench describes, does not denote the want of moral sentiment, but rather archaic morals in ruins. In "Waverley," Scott ascribes similar morals to the Highlanders.



undefined number of families, strictly bound together; that if one member of it committed a crime all the others were held responsible, though, as an indulgence, they might absolve themselves by finding and delivering up the offender; and that to one of these bodies every citizen must belong, — the individual, merely as such, being an outlaw! In fine, it testifies clearly to this significant fact: the pretence to a purely individual responsibility was then esteemed *immoral*. The Hundred has, indeed, been explained as a conscious violation of justice for the sake of security. Hallam, for example, sees little else in it. As if security, sought by means that should breed in every man's breast the sense of false and violent relations with others, were not ten times lost in the seeking! History is not to be explained in that way. Nations will far sooner incur obvious peril than violate their habitual sentiments. And well it is that they will do so. Danger is never *very* dangerous while it is merely external; but a war within the soul itself is a peril of another sort.

In the record of his voyage around the world, Darwin has described a curious zoöphyte found on the eastern shore of Patagonia. In general appearance, it resembled the stem of a plant growing from eight to twenty-four inches high. But around the central stem were arranged rows of minute polypi, several thousands in number, each with its distinct mouth, body, and *tentacula*, — each, so far, an individual being. On the other hand, there was an obscure general circulation; the ova were produced in an organ distinct from the separate individuals; and, on being touched, the whole organism acted as a single creature, drawing quickly down to hide itself in the sand. What was this to be called? one animal, or some thousands of animals? "Well," cries the thoughtful naturalist, "well might it be asked, What is an individual?" Now, according to primitive notions, each social group is such a compound organism, whose moral being is its sustaining stem and unitive life. Must we not allow that thought might go farther without faring better? Very nice resemblances might be traced between that zoöphyte and social phenomena, even as these now appear. There was "an obscure general

circulation?" What is patriotism, with its *dulce est pro patriâ mori*, but a "general circulation?" What are the sympathies that more or less sweep every soul of us into the broad current of common thought and feeling, but a "general circulation?" Again: "The ova were produced in an organ distinct from the separate individuals." Does not civil society assert its claim to be a party to every marriage, and thereby to be *morally* a party to the reproduction of the race? And is not its claim sustained by the spontaneous sentiment of mankind? "Free love" is an attempt to displace this relic of moral communism; and is entirely consistent with that theoretic individualism, which has long been gaining ground in the modern world.

Of course, it cannot be maintained that this moral communism of the primitive world is the end as well as the beginning. But it is the ground-fact in the history even of personal morals, while it is also the *commanding* fact when we are considering the case of institutions expressly designed to embrace numbers in a collective unity. We have, indeed, but to open the eyes and *see* what is matter of common experience, to perceive that if communitive responsibility be not a law of Nature, it can hardly be worth while to make further mention of such laws. Who knows not that for all which any man may do others are answerable with him?—parent with child, child with parent, neighbor with neighbor, citizen with citizen, in ever widening circles of connection. The child, as it happens, is not born from its own loins, as our individualism would seem to suppose him! And in the issue of life itself from other lives, what issues of irreversible destiny are implied! On the other hand, the child bears in its breast the tenderest heart of father and mother, to bless or to torture it at will. What anguish does the earth know like that inflicted by an erring son or daughter? The old wail, "Absalom, O Absalom, my son!"—how it goes down the ages; never to be antiquated! The same fact appears in wider connections: it is fate and it is felicity for every son of man. See noble young men of the North going down to die in Southern swamps and wildernesses,—for whose fault? for their own?

see a hundred thousand American families this very winter (1868-9) paying by poorly supplied tables and dim hearth-fires for the licensed cupidity of commercial brigands in the metropolis; see Titian dying of plague and Hegel of cholera, because oriental sloth and filth and fanaticism have generated infection; see whole nations lingering out age after age a hopeless death in life, because the vice of their ancestors has exhausted in them all the springs of national vigor. With such facts all around us, touching us so nearly, affecting us so irresistibly, by what blindness are we to maintain, or by what leniency tolerate, the assumption that individualism is the first law? If it be so, Nature herself is the first offender, and must stand perpetually convicted in her own courts!

Solidarity is the first law, and as such it was enunciated in that prophetic sally toward the supreme truths, which gave to the early ages bibles and epics, grand literatures, not nice, nor ordered after the fashion of landscape gardening, but upheaved like mountain ranges to make the everlasting water-sheds of history. An exceeding emphasis was laid upon it, which, while passing all the bounds to be fixed by critical judgment in later times, remains venerable and significant even in its excess. But a few centuries have gone by since European men, our ancestors and the fathers of our civilization, believed in a common responsibility, not only of contemporary citizens, but even of the living and the dead. For example, Peter of Arragon, offering his kingdom *in censum et feudum* to the Roman Church, declared that he did so for the healing of his soul and of *his progenitors: pro remedio animæ meæ et progenitorum meorum*. This was in the year 1204. Eleven years later the like appears in Magna Charta. *Sciatis*, says the king, *Sciatis nos intentu Dei et pro salute animæ nostræ et antecessorum omnium et hæredum meorum . . . concessisse*, etc. To the modern mind, this language is absurd. Earlier opinion held it absurd to represent one as merely individual in his moral being. Is the error or excess with the latter only? Whether or not effects run backward to include the dead, they do undoubtedly run forward to include those who are not yet living. When the fathers have



eaten sour grapes the children's teeth are set on edge: no Eze-kiel will be able to rescind this law, however he reclaim against it. The heroical logic of old ages inferred hence a correlative law of return effect. Here it does indeed outrun the fleetest foot of modern belief, nor do I pretend to keep pace with it. But there is a noble credulity, which may be admired even if it neither can nor should be emulated; and that is a noble credulity which is so sympathetic with grand truths that it is swept past the bounds prescribed by lesser and limiting truths.

Conjoined with a kindred doctrine of moral representation, the idea of moral solidarity furnishes the clew to the Augustinian theology, and to much else of a like kind, whose vast rôle in history were a discredit to the human race, and would suffice to establish the intellectual depravity of mankind, had it not some honorable explanation; that is, some ground of truth. Dogmata, such as those of Vicarious Atonement and Original Sin are as remote from me as from most; and yet they are often condemned upon ground less tenable than their own. The time will come, when criticism will cease to asperse history by light-minded contempt of that which has played in it so large a part; and when, instead of a shame to mention in a grave tone that old faith, in which the feeding currents of civilization ran so long, it will be ashamed only of having failed to find a key to it, and throw open its interior meaning, at an earlier date.

We have not sinned in "Adam?" It may be. But "Adam," and under many an *alias*, is busily sinning in this generation. Who knows not that our opinion and sentiment, our virtues and our vices, are derived to us, nine parts in ten, from the loins of our ancestors? From the four quarters of the world unnumbered centuries troop to the issues of the present day; they vote at the polls, preach from the pulpits, chaffer in the markets, breed feculence in the slums of our cities, qualify the very blood in our veins. Not a toothache but has its pedigree; not a vice or blunder but has its progeny. The long ground-swell of history heaves beneath the ships in which our interests are embarked; under the calm of to-day rises the passion of yesterday; and the storms of other times



and another hemisphere still break in the thunder of inappeasable surges upon our shores. We are born like babes upon a voyage, — never to see, scarcely to imagine, the lands from which civilization set sail. We die, and are committed to the deep that cradled us; the world sails on, and other voyagers, born like ourselves into the midst of an enterprise, of which they are as little to see the end as they have known the beginning, must, without choice, enter into the inheritance of our work, wise or foolish, whichever it be.

Of the cry for "independence" of thought and purpose, for "self-reliance" and the like, I would speak respectfully, and indeed cannot honestly speak otherwise. No one can less desire that private judgment should be suppressed, and every one drift with the currents of custom. The modern predilection for independence of mind, — though in truth such a quality is much praised and little tolerated, — has its admirable side, and is in that aspect a cheerful prognostic. But all this belongs rather to the finish of life than to its foundation. To assume this as the basis were like the attempt to make an edifice stand upon its cope-stone! No one would recommend self-reliance to infants at the breast; and it is to be remembered that at the breasts of humanity we are all nurslings: hoary years are but a baby-age compared with that life of a civilization which comprehends in one of its days the cradle and the grave of the individual. It is well to make an ample space for those didactics which are concerned with private law; but there are laws of humanity, which, embracing all, and dependent upon the will of none, hold the strong and the weak, like gravitation, under the same sway. As our action is adjusted to these, it will bring us happiness or loss. And the broad truth of Nature is that we have been considering, — the radiation and transmission of effect, and the intermediate character of every individual existence.

This truth is not appreciated, only because it is never for a moment apart from our experience. But if we can accomplish that task which men in all ages have found so difficult, to reflect upon the facts we are most familiar with, it will quickly

appear that our independence is any thing but the first law of our being. Were we invited to consider whether we would be *born*, to begin with? Our several constitutions and temperaments, with the thousand conditions of time, place, tradition, institution, family, fortune, which color every action, thought, sentiment, emotion, and qualify the very dinner's digestion,—were we taken into counsel concerning them, and desired to choose our lot? Is it not manifest that even this individual will, about which we make sufficient ado, is itself to a large degree the result of transmitted conditions, over which we have had no more control than over the making up of the sun and moon? “No man must decide for others,” I hear it said, and by excellent persons. But the obvious fact is that *every* man must decide for others. Who can avoid it, though he were a hundred times willing? More has been determined for every soul of us than we shall ever determine for ourselves; and how many are yet to reap where we have sown, with no choice of harvest!

It is in this view of the case that pity may well be moved, and duty born of pity. Before us lies the helpless future with never a vote at the polls, silently awaiting the word, of good or of evil import, which this age shall pronounce in its behalf. Of every vote cast, of all action performed, and all moral conditions induced, it must reap the fruit. Have we no obligation toward it but that of permitting every man to sow for it what he will? Were it not nobler and more dutiful to insist bravely upon a choice sowing?

In ascending the Alps, a party is sometimes bound together by a rope, that if one fall the others may, with their united strength, sustain him. A means of security for all, if the just order of dependence be observed,—no right of guidance being conceded to those who are incapable of guiding,—it is otherwise a means of destruction for all. So the individuals of a nation are connected in their long climb, and are thus bound without election of company,—the seeing and the blind, the able and the infirm, the careful and the vicious and reckless, all united, with or without their will to be so, by a tie that Nature makes. This is the great natural fact we have to

consider, and to which a provident economy is to be adjusted. This law of connection, this communism of Nature, is the starting-point of political thought.

In these days, on the contrary, a certain maxim has been set up as the sum of all political wisdom: *every man is the best guardian of his own interests*. The maxim is flagrantly untrue, and would not be available as a foundation in politics if it were true; it is but a clumsy attempt at the statement of a very different fact: the best that *the community* can do is to leave to every man the protection of such interests as appertain to him individually. That many a man guards them very ill, and is the worst enemy of his own weal, is as true as it is lamentable. This evil, however, must be suffered that worse may be avoided. But though the maxim were incontrovertible, it would have no political value. Could it be said that every man has a deep sense of the universality and long transmission of effect, — that every man recognizes clearly and dutifully [the natural connection of all, — that every man has the breadth of sympathy which should place him *en rapport* with national interests, and the foresight which should enable him to act wisely in view of results to follow only when his work on the earth has been finished, — then, indeed, somewhat were said to the purpose intended in the current use made of that bungling commonplace. "One's own interests:" if this refer to those affairs which concern the individual only, it is to be said that a healthy public system is a prerequisite condition to most private interests. The smith and carpenter would have high wages, the merchant large profits; but without an established public *morale*, there would be neither smith nor carpenter nor merchant; while, as the health of the public economy is less, the *value* of wages and profits diminishes.

On the other hand, if by "interests" is meant that about which one *feels* concern, it should be said that such interests are not to be placed on a par, as if no distinction were to be made between them. One man concerns himself only about the gratification of the day or the hour; another is solicitous about the welfare of a nation and of generations yet unborn.

The statesman who refuses to distinguish between these different kinds of interests, and welcomes all alike as of equal political value,—what sort of statesman is he? In either sense, private interest, taken without qualification, is not the stuff out of which the public order is made. In the one signification of the term, such interests come into existence for the most part only by favor of a public order precedent to them; in the other signification, they are helpful or pernicious, fit to be accepted and utilized, or fit only to be condemned and restrained, according to their quality.

Political thought must get out of that slough of atoms to find secure foothold. Its true ground is that law of connection which so often cuts across individual interest, compelling one, sorely against his will, to suffer the consequences of action in which he has had no part. And this primary law will do little else than inflict suffering until it is fully recognized, and a system based upon it to make it productive of welfare and exclusive of injury. No rubbing of sands together will make mortar; no compounding of private desires make the binding law of life. Another element must be brought in to induce chemical combination. Meanwhile it may be well to remember that, as not even the addition of lime will make mortar of mud, so will no kind of mixing make political virtue of egotism and ignorance. Nature connects, but without selection, indifferently communicating the effect of wisdom or folly; it is for the provident thought of man at once to adopt her system and to qualify it by means of a just selection.

In truth, Rousseau's individual, fully constituted in advance of political society, is an imaginary being,—imaginary and impossible. All that honorably distinguishes humanity grows only in the broad bosom of humanity, and implies a moral order answering to Nature's law of connection. Those who would effect a compromise between extreme individualism and social law are wont to say that each man has need of others in order to a more perfect supply of his wants. This, however, is but the lesser half of the truth. The wants of civilized men are *created* by civilization. Those wants which



are fully experienced by the isolated man are such only as tend to constrain and depress, indistinguishable in kind and in effect from the necessities of brutes. Elevated and liberalizing desires, such as at once distinguish and ennoble human nature, come into existence only in community, and only under the shelter of a humanizing public system. As fire may be kindled by the friction of like materials, so thought and morality, all the bright affluence of the human spirit, are evoked by sympathetic contact. Thus we must assume community in order to obtain the condition precedent to the existence of the individual man—if, that is, the word *man* is to signify more than the *genus homo* of natural history. This truth it is which reduces to extreme absurdity every attempt to derive the genius of the State from a ground of mere individualism. It is to take an *effect* for the initial fact. As if one should hold that gravitation is caused by the falling of stones! Whoever, therefore, would fix the outlines of a political science, should begin where Nature begins, with a public law, comprehending the community in its wholeness. A breadth of view comparable to that of the astronomer, who also contemplates a system strictly public, is the first condition of political discovery; and he who will begin only with individuals as such, seeking from the concourse of inclinations to compound a public system, is hopelessly astray from the start.

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ART. VI.—REVELATION AND INTUITION CONSIDERED  
AS SOURCES OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

THE minds of most thoughtful and inquiring men are usually vibrating between extremes of opinion. It is only those who trust mainly to their moral and spiritual instincts, who are found in the moderate or middle way, where truth commonly resides. At any given time, it is likely to be a safe assumption, that the most active and earnest thinkers, whether in politics or religion, in social speculation, in scientific and literary pursuits, are not safe guides. They are admirable

and quite indispensable propellers of thought, and invaluable for their stimulating and tonic properties. They throw flashes of light over an unknown territory, and make brilliant reconnoissances into the enemy's country. But they are rarely sober and sensible engineers and graders of the road over which Humanity is to make its progressive way. Here and there, in the very highest class of minds, you have genius balanced with common sense, intellect married with affection, courage, and prudence, the love of what is new without the hatred of what is old; hope toward the future without irreverence for the past; the use of logic with the consciousness of what superior value belongs to intuition and common instincts; aspiration and humility; an equal sense of the worth of the abstract and the concrete, the universal and the particular. And it is only in this rare combination that you find men who lead reforms without making revolutions; advance society without disturbing its foundations; and purge, requicken, and simplify the theology of the Church without imperilling the faith and piety of Christian believers. We are not on this account, however, to disparage the services of that inferior class who gain their motion, not by the equal flapping of their wings, but, like a millwheel, by a continued fall of water on one side. The want of balance is the cause of most motion, and therefore the minds that stir the stagnant pool of common thought are usually out of equilibrium, and propelled by this very cause, like a pith figure loaded with a leaden foot, to spring with impatient, yet effective, force, in some providentially prescribed direction. The superstitions, the social errors, the political defects, the outgrown or outworn usages of Humanity, are assailed and removed commonly by a class of persons whose qualifications are the preponderance of special qualities, tastes, or passions, which, though deformities in themselves, are weapons and tools in the hands of Divine Providence. It is not wisdom or truth or charity or piety by which, in ordinary cases, the world is scourged or ridiculed or piqued into progress. But audacity, or conceit, or impudence, or ill-nature, or an excited imagination, or a morbidly intensi-

fied will, or a cold heart united with a clear head, or a sagacious guess running for luck, and hitting the gate-way of new truth, — it is these that are seized upon by Him who maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and who out of evil is constantly educing good, to effect the changes or qualifications or improvements which the balanced and modest, the humble and true, rarely undertake, except when they chance to be of the very highest grade of genius: the rare products of centuries, not the growth of every generation.

Upon no subject has the human mind swung to and fro between extremes, in a more instructive manner, than in regard to man's possible acquaintance with his Creator, its sources and its kind and degree. These two extremes are — 1. The utter impossibility of any knowledge of God, excepting that derived from Revelation; and, 2. The perfect adequacy of our moral and spiritual intuitions as grounds of faith and worship. To begin with the first, it is asserted, that it is in the very nature of things impossible for the finite, which is man, to understand the infinite, which is God; and that all our conceptions and ideas of our Creator, partaking of the infirmity and ignorance of our limited faculties, are essentially worthless and untrue! "What," says this seemingly humble and reverential spirit, "can man know or understand of Him, 'whose ways are not as our ways, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts'?" Is not the meanest insect better acquainted with the human being, who in passing unconsciously crushes it out of existence, than man, a worm himself, with the Creator of this vast, unexplored, and various universe, — the possible and probable home of angels and archangels; of rational, moral, and spiritual creatures, with faculties or senses as far transcending ours as ours transcend the intelligence of birds and beasts, or even fishes and insects? What does it become man to do, but in lowly fear and prostrate homage to bow his head in unreasoning adoration and unquestioning submission before this awful, unknowable Power, called God?

The only resort which minds, with too much instructive piety to abandon faith and worship altogether, have under



the pressure of this thought, is to magnify *Revelation*, and accept on pure miraculous authority, what they concede they have no intellectual, moral, or spiritual apparatus to discover, or even to test. Revelation, thus resting on purely super-human authority, and not claiming, or even allowing, any foundation in human nature, or any amenableness to human judgment, becomes its own unchecked interpreter. The Church comes in, and claims to be, by miraculous endowment, the infallible interpreter of this infallible Revelation. With this immense indorsement, the Church can describe the divine character, the conditions of salvation, the whole relations of man to God, or God to man, as it pleases; and no matter how irrational, contradictory, mysterious, or cruel its representations, it has this argument wherewith to close every human mouth: "You, a mere finite intelligence, have no standard, no measuring-rod, no test, wherewith to judge the doctrines taught you by the Church on the sole ground of positive and supernatural authority. What you call absurdities are mysteries! What your reason refuses to receive, is addressed to your submission, your ignorance, weakness, and helplessness,—not to your understanding, your moral insight, your human affections! Your objections are futile, irreverent, blasphemous. You must believe without understanding and against understanding, or your faith is not genuine; is not faith at all, but only sight; is not submission at all, but only intelligent self-will; not God-worship, but will-worship."

Notwithstanding the rigid and irresistible logic of this position, of course it never could and never did gain a perfect acquiescence from any considerable class of believers. Because, in proportion as minds, even under the influence of bare authority, come truly to accept religion in the Christian form (even when most misrepresented and caricatured by ambition or ignorance), they find in it so much that liberates and enlarges their hearts and heads,—so much that harmonizes with their moral and spiritual nature,—that they gradually substitute the self-proving, axiomatic authority of their own direct perceptions of God and divine truth,—of Christ and Christianity,—for the purely extrinsic au-



thority of the Church or the Word. As the human mind and heart is the vessel into which faith has to be received, it inevitably shapes the contents poured into it. The Church has not been able long to teach what man *could not believe*. There have, therefore, been constant restrictions and limitations to its assumptions and dogmatic statements. And, on the whole, Infallibility itself has been very careful not to assert what it could not furnish some plausible and convincing evidence or reason for outside of its supernatural witness. There has been, accordingly, even in the Catholic Church, a constant anthropomorphic tendency. God has finally passed wholly into the man Christ Jesus, who is known and worshipped by man, because in him the divine has become human. The *Word* made flesh becomes a subject of human sympathy and human affections; and the very God whose infinity the finite mind could not apprehend, is finally brought home to the simplest, feeblest human intelligence, through the fellowship and communion of this incarnate Christ, the Son of God and Son of man, this divine-human Saviour. Thus have the rights of Humanity to know God vindicated themselves, under the theory of man's utter inability to know him on account of the finiteness of his faculties. God has himself become finite or human, and so man's moral and spiritual instincts and affections have their play in sympathetically understanding Christ! Thus has the old extreme theory of God's infinite removal and unintelligibility to man revenged itself in this most affectionate, familiar, domestic idea; whose great danger is that of letting down what is really above the height and compass of human thoughts to a complete level with Humanity.

But now let us turn to the other extreme: that asserts that man, being made in the image of God, has a perfect clew to the divine character in his own intellectual, moral and spiritual nature; that mind is mind throughout the universe; right always right; wrong always wrong; that accordingly we cannot know ourselves, and not know God, nor can we know God except as we know ourselves! Moral authority is the authority which inherently dwells in justice, truth, and good-

ness. You cannot make truth any more true by sealing it with miracle; nor goodness any more divine by calling it superhuman. No revelation can tell any more than man can receive; and man can receive only what is fitted to his nature; and what is fitted to his nature he will, of course, discover by studying that nature. Revelation, then, in any ordinary sense of a message *ab extra*, verified by miracle, is a thing not possible: since the only language God can speak to a moral being is a moral language; and you might just as well send a mathematician the multiplication table verified by a miraculous indorsement, and profess that it was more true than when left to prove itself, as address a revelation to a moral and spiritual being, and think that essential, self-evident truths — the only ones he can receive, and which are warranted by his nature — are going to be modified by aught that denies them, added to by aught that transcends them, or guaranteed by aught that indorses them! You cannot make truth more true, right more binding, goodness better, than they all are in themselves, and in the verdict of the human soul.

It might seem that the end of this conception of man's relation to God was to shut man up in himself, and say to him, "Your universe is your own soul. You cannot get out of it! make the most of it! Explore it, read the inscriptions on its inner chambers, and so learn who and what you are; and as much of your Maker as you may! For what you do not learn so you cannot know at all." But this would not be doing full justice to the idea; because it is, particularly of late, connected with the idea of God as immanent as ever, communicating himself to man. Man is not, then, complete in himself or shut up in himself: God dwells in him. He need not go out of himself to find God, for God comes to him and dwells in him and with him. There is, in California, a curious little fungus found at the bottom of a certain well, which looks more like a bit of manna than any thing besides. The least grain of this put into a bottle of water soon converts it into a kind of beer, potable and refreshing; but the most curious thing is, that the little substance which works this miracle of effervescence reproduces itself almost indefinitely,

so that in a month a spoonful of the fungus is precipitated in the vessel, and each particle of it is capable of producing the same effect, and of reproducing its own image in an indefinite manner. It is a homely image of the power of that heavenly leaven which is God's presence in the human soul. It grows with its own working. It converts the water of humanity into the wine of heaven; it is infinitely divisible and transferrible, and cannot be exhausted, nor any limit put to its working.

There is a great truth and a great fascination in this extreme view of man's knowledge of God, through the sympathetic interpretation of his own nature. But it has one enormous danger in it, which makes it hardly less perilous than the other extreme, and indeed soon drives those that attempt to rest in it back to the first position. The error is this: it makes *man* the starting-point and centre of the universe, around whom turns the panorama of existence: God himself being only the greatest, and, alas! the most distant, object that sweeps into his view. Man is the fixture, the solid staple, in the rock; God, angels, moral and religious opinions, Christ, Christianity, are mere links hanging by this hook, and if they do not match it, or if they more than match it, they are to be hammered into shape, clipped of their superfluous matter, and allowed to come into the chain only as far as they will lie easily and harmoniously in its coil. God comes thus to owe his very existence to man's consent. His dealings with his creature are regulated by that creature himself, — who presently, unless largely endowed with natural piety, loses alike his awe and his obedience towards a speculative Deity, — a gigantic reflection of his own image on the misty horizon. It is as when the earth was deemed the centre of the planetary and stellar universe, all the motions of stars and celestial orbs being supposed tributary to her ruling sphere. What but pride, conceit, narrowness, and irreverence can come from such a swollen sense of man's place and importance? And how shallow are likely to be the swift, precipitate conclusions in regard to the ever open questions which, in our finite ignorance, it is only presumption in us to shut! Such

a question is the existence of moral evil. Because man, judging by his own nature and feelings, cannot see how *he* could justly create a moral being who should have liberty to sin, and bring such consequences of sin upon himself, as to convert his existence into a sorrow and a curse; he straightway concludes that God cannot do it. It is a logical conclusion from his assumption that his own nature is the perfect image of God's; and having arrived at this point, he proceeds in the face and eyes of the most solemn facts and the most instinctive protests, to deny the very existence of evil, nay, the very existence of liberty. There is no moral evil. It is an hallucination of the senses; a mere earthly shadow passing over the unclouded stars! God has no knowledge of it; does not even know what we mean by it, or sympathize with our feelings about it. Our remorse, so far as he is concerned, is all superfluous; our solicitude thrown away! Conscience is a human convenience; sin, an earth-born, conventional *inconvenience*, which is checked by a sentiment of disapprobation highly useful to society. Liberty of action is a fiction which Divine Necessity permits us to indulge ourselves in the conceit of enjoying; but there is no such thing in reality.

To talk of revelation in its historical and ordinary sense to such proud philosophers, is merely to excite their scorn and ridicule. A revelation to a being who has God in his own nature, in the only form in which he can ever know any thing of him, and probably in the only form in which he exists at all,—if indeed *his* existence is not, radically viewed, simply *our* existence; God coming to consciousness as some German thinkers have it, in man alone! Christ, a living Saviour, still animating his disciples from his heavenly throne, comforting and guarding them with actual and direct communications according to his promises,—how absurd and incredible the thought! And thus, every plain and intelligible idea, every instinctive, spontaneous thought and feeling, level to human wants and weaknesses,—all that for thousands of years has passed for reverence and piety toward God; all that for eighteen hundred years has passed for Christianity,—is brushed away like the cobwebs of a June morning; and a grand,



impersonal, transcendental, human impertinence, which patronizes Christianity and humors the idea of a personal God and a heavenly Father, are offered us in the place of the holy, tender, solemn, and awful faith communicated by the inspired and crucified Son of God. We should be ashamed to express, or to feel, any fear of the spread of such folly. It is too flat a denial of the very nature it professes to derive itself from. Our nature *is* the image of God; but our logical reasonings and deductions from parts of it are not entitled to any such name as the reflections of his being. If there be one thing which is true of human nature, it is the impossibility of bringing its parts, its witness, its testimony (at the present stage of its development), into a congruous and complete harmony. It is full of seeming inconsistencies and incoherencies. Like external nature about it, it is in process of building. We know no more what it shall be than the gigantic and amorphous inhabitants of the cooling globe knew, when the deep covered the whole earth, what this planet was to become. Our nature is full of open questions: it has within it experiences, all of which are real and indisputable, and which seem to contradict each other. Shall we say they do contradict each other because they seem to? Shall we say, because moral evil, of which we are as certain as of our being, seems to contradict the goodness of God, of which we are equally certain, that it *does* contradict it? Or shall we modestly affirm both facts, and humbly wait a later and higher intelligence to reconcile what is beyond our present powers?

If there be any thing tedious, insufferable, and humiliating, it is the affectation of an absolute and final solution here below of the whole problem of our being and of God's being! All that vast and tender mystery in which we float is drained away as by some malign spirit, and we are left stranded on the barren sands of logic, and positive, finite knowledge! Safe in the vast, fathomless ocean of God's love and care, we sail by faith and not by sight, until some pilot who insists on hugging the shore of reality, steers us into soundings, and we feel our keel scraping the sands, or, more probably, bumping on the rocks. Does the bird feel more at home in his iron

cage than in the tree-top, swinging and swaying with the breeze? Is man any more content with a creed which he has put together with his reasoning faculties than with one that envelops him as the horizon that encloses his childhood's home? Gracious and blessed are the holy mysteries of the Christian faith; the unstatable nature of Christ, the ministry of the Comforter, the presence above us and yet with us, independent of us and yet native to us, of God's Spirit; the mystery of sin and pardon and redemption; the profound and awful mystery of evil; the authority of the Church; the unity and fellowship of believers with each other and with their Saviour, — these are mysteries, not absurdities; simply above reason, not against it. For our part, they are dearer to us than life itself: they are our life. Without them the world would be a prison and existence a burden. They are the inspiration, support, and consolation, and they always have been, of the great body of Christian believers; and they will continue to be so. The pendulum of opinion will oscillate between an absolute dependence on revelation for all our knowledge of God, and an absolute dependence on intuition. We are, in truth, dependent exclusively on neither: we need both, and we can allow each only such possession of us as is compatible with the presence of the other. Man is in the image of God, but God is still making him, and his chief instrument in the work is his divine Son. God's ways are known by us only so far as it is necessary to us to know them; but all that we do know are but parts of his ways. How faint is the whisper we have heard of him! who can stand before the thunder of his power? To pretend to understand even his moral being to perfection; to put our moral and spiritual nature into his throne, and reason from it as from absolute and complete knowledge, — is blasphemous presumption or silly conceit. Beyond the point of our limited faculties, "his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." Let us adore what we cannot comprehend! Let us bow down and worship our Creator in the name of his holy child Jesus! Let us cling to the glorious, tender, humane revelation, which is the ladder let down from the gate of heaven, to lift us when our own

wings would weary and give out ere we could reach it! The Church is at the very foot of this ladder; and all the sweet and holy associations, suggestions, and inspirations of an historic Christianity; all the mystic truths, and gleams of celestial light and love, that break out of our symbols and creeds, the precious inheritance from the Christian past, — are the angels ascending and descending, to assist our upward journey. This more than Jacob's ladder — this ladder of which Christ's cross and Christ's crook formed the beams and ties — is our glorious heritage! Let us not despise it, nor neglect it, nor suffer it to be hidden away or stolen away! Let us use it ourselves with tender gratitude and fidelity, and do our part towards leading to it (for it can never perish nor move away) the feet of our children and our children's children.

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ART. VII.—MACHINERY AS A GOSPEL WORKER.

*Catalogue and Journal of the Eleventh Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. September and October, 1869. 4to, pp. 60.*

THE Eleventh Exhibition of the Charitable Mechanic Association held the past month in Boston was, beyond question, the most brilliant and successful that has ever taken place: an index of the highest point which mechanical invention in this country, thus far, has reached. Visiting it was a duty as well as pleasure which every one, whatever his own occupation might be, who would study his age, and know something of one of the greatest forces at work in modern society, ought to have performed. It was a museum, not of the past merely, — the strange garments worn by our sires, the relics and abnormal formations picked up in ancient cities, and the wilds of nature, the armor and utensils which barbarous nations may have used, — but of the living present, the triumphs of art and genius, the wonders which are now being accomplished in the combination of Nature's forces into struc-

tures that almost rival her own attainment; a museum of the world's working force to-day at the very summit of progress, not of the clumsy and castaway tools employed far back in its course. Specimens were there of the finest and most delicate fabrics of the loom; garments, with a maze of stitching which only the swift fingers of the sewing-machine, a seamstress with nerves and muscles of iron and steel, could ever have had the patience to insert; statuary, not to be despised, which a mere lathe, driven by a steam-engine, had carved; locks and bolts, such as might well induce burglars to turn honest men; musical instruments, which needed only touching to break forth into song; myriad utensils, for alleviating the labor and increasing the comfort of our daily household life; rakes and ploughs, reapers and mowers, written over with the promise of a new Eden to be won out of the earth; carriages, alike for adults and children, that seemed almost ready to start off of their own accord; steam-engines, whose finish and exquisite proportions placed them in the ranks of fine art; chromolithographs, which challenged the observer to tell how they differed from the original paintings at their side; photographs, not only of the human face, but of Nature's subtlest features, including that last fleeting wonder of the heavens, appearing only once in a generation, yet imprisoned here for all time, — every aspect of the great eclipse; machinery for cutting, pegging, and sewing shoes so swift, exact, and apparently intelligent, that one almost wondered some of it was not at Worcester the other day demanding its political rights; the great borer that is now solving, at the rate of ten feet a day, the long problem of the Hoosac tunnel; instruments, infallible as any gold-broker of New York, for reckoning up rates per cent; machines, of endless variety, able to take bars of iron, and turn and plane and cut them up into any needed shape as deftly and quickly as though they had been only bits of clay; specimens, in short, of all the countless operations which are going on, far and wide, in the great workshop of modern society. The visitor could hardly help coming out of its glitter and noise and confusion with many of his old notions about the supremacy of intelligent mind a good deal



disturbed. Machines are now produced which rival every department of human skill. No mortal hand can do what is accomplished by their metal fingers. Every motion that can be conceived of, has some way provided for its accomplishment. Combinations are made, by which one thing follows another, each in its exact time and place; bits of machinery coming in and doing their work, and helping each other, and getting out of the way so wisely and ingeniously as to suggest, with startling force, the idea of conscious life. Difficulties and pains and weariness, that bone and muscle encounter, disappear before their iron strength. Every kind of operation, whether it be the heading of a pin for a lady's ribbon, or the turning of a shaft weighing ten or a dozen tons for the walking-beam of a steam-engine, seems to be done with the same ease, patience, and unfailing precision.

What is the moral significance of all these inventions, and of the countless others of which the world is now so full? what the connection that such an exhibition has with man's religious and spiritual growth? These are questions which the visit among them suggests naturally to the thoughtful mind. There seems, at first glance, to be nothing wider apart in this world than religion and machinery,—the gospel of Christ and the steam-engine, the Church and the workshop. The one deals with spirit, the other with matter; the one is of heaven, the other of earth; the one moves with the breath of God, the other with wind and steam and water. We use the word mechanical as the very opposite of what is intelligent, spiritual, dynamic. Poetry, music, painting, sculpture, philosophy, perhaps science, these seem natural associates of faith; but greasy machines, spinning, turning, shoemaking, chandlery, carpentering,—what have these to do in the company of such a heavenly visitor? what common aim or principle? And accordingly poets, preachers, artists, and philosophers are put in one class as workers for man's higher being; and mechanics, artisans, inventors in another, that of workers merely for bodily wants.

It is a false distinction, a groundless opposition. Machinery is a gospel worker: its oil a chrism from God anointing it

for his own eternal ends; its strength, an agent of man's highest moral and spiritual being. The circle, the ancient emblem of eternity, the symbol of completeness, the line of all natural motion, the figure which God has wrought into the heavenly bodies, into their orbits, possibly into the whole universe itself, and into its ultimate atoms,—it is this same circle, with all its ancient wonder and significance, which is now embodied in wheels, an element which, curiously enough, goes to make up nine-tenths of all machinery. It is a matter of no small meaning, that Christ, the highest type of the spiritual worker, was also a mechanic. The true idea is that of the Old Testament writer who represents Bezaleel, the son of Uri, and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, cunning artificers in gold and silver and brass and stone and timber, as operating by the direct inspiration of God as much as Moses when he led the people up from Egypt; or Aaron, when he performed the offices of religion about the altar. And it may serve to show all workers with machinery the grandeur of the thing to which they are called; yea, help to a better opinion of our nation and age than is sometimes entertained; to leave the consideration of its material utility, on which attention is often so exclusively fastened, and point out its close connection with the work of religion.

First, the genius which creates machinery is kindred in its development with that which runs through all great social manifestations, including the highest ones of spiritual life; is itself in no small degree a religious evidence. Every marked age has had some special form, into which it has thrown its highest life and energy. With the early days of Greece, it was poetry; with its golden prime, it was sculpture; Rome had it in law; the first age of Christianity, in miracles; the second, in monastic piety; the third, in ecclesiasticism; it broke out in the Middle Ages as architecture and poetry; four centuries ago, it took the shape of geographical discovery; at the close of the last century it embodied itself in a grand struggle for freedom and democracy; and, to-day, it is evinced in natural science, and in its handmaid mechanical invention. Not one or two individuals, but the people at large,—the force and civil-

ization of the age, — in each case are affected by it. A great invisible breath seems to sweep over human activities, giving something of its power even to the humblest mind. It is in the air; and, as in the palmy days of Greece, it was not Phidias and Praxiteles alone who were sculptors, but every stone-mason who had a taste for and touch of the same art, filling the land with works of beauty, which the plunder of two thousand years has not destroyed; as at the end of the fifteenth century it was not Columbus and Balboa and Vespucci alone, but thousands of adventurers from all over Europe, that went forth in quest of new worlds; so now the spirit of invention has been confined to no Watts and Arkwright, Fulton and Ericsson, but all through England and America every workman, almost every apprentice boy, touched with the same life, is putting his material together in new shapes, and devising machinery for shortening the processes of labor, filling the Patent Office with wonders, and making possible every year a grand exhibition like that of the recent Mechanics' Fair. Is it body or soul that feels such enthusiasm? a vapor of earth, which creates this furor, or one Eternal Spirit, reaching from age to age, that breathes down from on high its inspiration? separate orders of men, some earthly and some divine, who feel it, or one mighty kindred born alike, whether in the study or the workshop, of its universal touch?

And the special form it takes in our own time, who shall say it is not of itself as exalted as any it has had in the past? The impression prevails with many persons that painting and sculpture, philosophy and poetry, embody somehow grander truths, and call out in their production finer qualities of mind and character, than any thing which comes from mechanical genius. But will it stand the test of analysis? Take painting and sculpture. With all their grandeur, and all their undeniable claims as a refining influence, a help to make beauty available for common daily use, they are only of themselves an imitation, or, at most, an idealization, of the outside of things, only a surface expression of ideas. There is an element of falsity runs through them all. It is not passion

and power, beauty and sublimity, themselves, which they set before us, but their appearance. Their mission, or at least their means, is to deceive. Their study never carries man to the heart of things, never gives him the real secret, even of beauty itself, as it is in the mind of God. The nations and ages which have had them most, Greece and Italy for instance, have always evinced a false, artificial, trivial element in their characters, a divergence of faith and life corresponding with this of art from Nature. And I am not sure but that the old Puritan hatred of them was founded on something deeper than their associations with Episcopacy and the Scarlet Woman, was a grim hatred of all lies, however fair; and the affinity displayed for them in the Roman Catholic Church, based on something less profound than æsthetic taste, the connection there is between them and her way of dealing with truth. Poetry and music, not painting and sculpture, are the real heart companions of the highest religion.

Machinery, however, is not imitation, but the embodiment, of real forces, laws, and principles, which are made to act. The steam-man that walked about the streets of Boston a year or two ago, ludicrous as it seemed in some of its aspects, had that within it which was deeper and diviner than any Venus de Medici or Apollo Belvidere. It was, so far as it went, true. It had, in steel and iron, many of the same devices for motion that are found in the human body. It was force, — always nearer God than any form. And the study for it had gone beyond the query what is or could be the scope of art, and asked the deeper question, how. So with all inventions. The qualities of mind they call for are those which deal with inside principles, with truth itself. In order to work they must not only seem, but be. A lie in them is absolutely fatal. What would be the worth of a sewing machine, however highly ornamented, which, like a picture, only looked as if it sewed? Machinery bears something of the same relation to art that real life does to the stage, that the hero who performs a deed does to the actor who shows it forth. It is the making of real effects out of real laws and forces.

It is in this respect that the genius of the inventor comes



nearer to that of the Creator than the skill of any artist ever does. God does not paint or carve; but he does invent, does mechanize. No real analogy can be found for art in the world around us, no picture or statue, but always the thing itself. The flower, with all its beauty, is produced, not by the brush, but by an elaborate machinery; yea, is itself a machine, its very colors having a use. The human face, with all its marvellous play of sentiment and passion, is not carved from without, but has under it, as cause, a most intricate network of bone, nerve, and muscle. The whole outward universe, atoms below, and wheeling orbs above, is but a vast machine. And though piety has long separated soul and body, as it has God and nature, making all the processes of the one spiritual, and of the other mechanical; yet recent discoveries have tended to show that life itself, with all the infinite reaches art loves to display, has mechanism and chemistry underneath it in startling proportions, uses phosphorus and galvanism, for instance, in producing even religion, as truly as the foundry does air and coal in a casting of iron. And the inventor takes these same elemental forces, laws, and materials with which God works, and puts them together in productions of his own. The steam-engine is a creation as much as an animal or plant. Every factory is in itself a little world. The sewing and knitting machines are parallels to that wonder of ingenuity, the human hand; the telescope is another eye; and the soldier, who has lost his arm or leg, needs only wait till his next visit to the city, when he is supplied with one of art to take its place. It is the fashion in certain quarters to disparage all such things in comparison with what Nature does. They are called distortions, mockeries, caricatures. Piety looks upon them aghast, as though usurping the place of God,—used to regard them in past ages as works of the devil. Even common sense regards them at times as hardly worthy of an immortal soul. But why? To the larger view, the real lesson they teach is very different from that of irreligion. They show the affinity of man with God; show the child has inherited something of the Father's skill. I knew a master mechanic, whose

little boy, before he could talk, or even stand up, was found one day out among the shavings of the shop, where he had crept, nailing together two bits of board. Did his father regard it as mockery and unfilial rivalry? No: he clasped him in his arms, and felt he was his own as he never had before. The mechanic gets near the mind of God as the Christian does near his spirit, and he who loves, near his heart. Every new invention is but a converse of the glorious truth which Christ proclaimed ages ago, an assertion that if God is the Father of man, man is, with equal certainty, the son of God.

Then, as regards poetry, music, and philosophy, — departments of thought which do deal with realities, — the special qualities of mind called forth in mechanism are often the very same as the ones which belong to these, even in their highest forms. Because machines are made of matter, it is the silliest of all things to count it as degrading their rank. It might as well be said that a poem is only earthly and material, because it is set up in metallic type; or that a statue can have nothing at all divine about it, because it is moulded out of marble. Machines are ideas, thoughts: whole series of them, often, linked together as logically as any that are ever set forth in books, are carved out of truths quite as much as out of matter. The place, too, in which they are always set up at first is mind, the highest faculty of mind, the imagination. The man who invents a new lock, or gets up a pegging machine, goes to work in the same way as the one who invents a new poem. His soul reaches forth into the unknown. It is the image of it first that he forms down in the silent depths of spirit. Unseen things are put together, matched and jointed and squared with eternal order, where no matter ever goes; and it is only afterwards in the workshop, with hammer and forge, that he gives these airy nothings a local habitation and a name. There is as much of the genius and faculty divine in the steam-engine as in "Paradise Lost;" a dealing with fundamental harmonies as real and bold in a first-class sailing ship as in "the Creation;" a system of truth hardly less grand and complete in the printing press, or the spinning-jenny, or the

Bessemer process of making steel, than in the philosophies of Hamilton or Mill. And the blessed thing to the world is that while a philosophy may be false, and go on for ages deceiving mankind, a machine that is untrue—that is, has mistaken the action of God's law—shows it at once, before even the dullest eye, by refusing to go at all; and must be thrust aside with loss only to its owner.

So with those qualities of soul, higher than all genius, which constitute manhood, and, in no small degree, religion itself. If there is any advantage, it is most decidedly with the mechanic. Look at the face of inventors. Even as displayed at an ordinary gathering, they are a study as full of profound interest as any of their works: a cut of features, and light in the eye, you look in vain for among the common crowd. It is notorious that nearly all poets and philosophers, nearly all theologians, too, have something mean and little about them, all inventors something heroic and grand. Every great machine is born out of the profoundest pain and struggle, born of a real soul. The most pathetic and thrilling reading in all biography is the lives of inventors. It is not only the choicest thought, but the choicest manhood, that has gone into the world's mechanics. A cross towered in their workshops; and, like the gospel, they went out on their mission over the earth from a scene of crucifixion.

Born thus from the higher side of man's nature, and with the baptism of suffering and sacrifice upon it, it is not strange to find this machinery doing afterwards something of the gospel's work.

It is one of the world's great democratic forces, a leveller, levelling, however, like religion, always upwards. Its mission, first of all, the same as that of the Saviour, is to the poor, the weak, the lame, the blind, the despised and down-trodden of men. Every great machine which has ever been invented, every new one that is brought into use from year to year, is a mighty lever placed under the lowest classes of society to raise them up. And though it is powerful corporations and wealthy capitalists alone who may own it, and though they may have designed it only for their own aggran-



dizement; yet by a law mightier than any will of theirs, it is made infallibly to work for the interests of the common people. Look at the railroad and its locomotive engine. Before its invention there was a wide distinction as to modes of travel between the rich and the poor. The man of wealth had his own carriage and sleek horses, and rode in state from place to place; the poor man was obliged to plod along on foot, or go at an expense which was almost ruinous in some crazy public stage. Now, elegant and spacious cars are fitted up alike for both. The millionaire and the day laborer sit down side by side. The poorest market woman goes to the city with a speed and elegance of surroundings that no king or queen enjoyed of old; and the expense is hardly more than it would have cost her for shoe-leather a hundred years ago. Look at the spinning-jenny and the power-loom. They have absolutely abolished all distinctions of dress between the different classes of society. Bridget wears a gown that outshines that of her mistress. Broadcloth is the badge now only of our common humanity. There is hardly a cabin of our land so mean that one of its rooms is not covered with a carpet which would have seemed luxurious in a palace of other days. Look at the arrangements for supplying our cities with light and water. They give precisely the same thing to the stately mansion and the cottage, to the grandest square and the narrowest court; and they give them with a convenience and lessening of trouble to all that no amount of wealth otherwise could procure. Look at the printing-press. It has enabled works that were once almost unattainable with a fortune, to be sold for a dollar. Learning and culture are no longer the privileges of wealth and ease. Philosophy lays all her treasures at the humblest feet. Science comes and sits with the poorest apprentice boy to teach him her profoundest truths; and the kitchen maid can own all the choicest poetry that was ever written. Take one of the last examples, the machinery for the chromo-lithograph, just brought to perfection: it is sending the great masterpieces of the painter's genius, which only one man of ten thousand before could own, all over the land, lighting up countless homes



with their splendor, and pouring their refining influence, undeniable, into unnumbered souls ; all, too, at a price even to the poorest hod-carrier of only a day's labor.

So everywhere that a machine is at work, you will find it is doing something for our common humanity ; something to bring the two extremes of society nearer together. It is the staunchest foe of aristocracy. The complaint goes up every summer from the would-be exclusives of Newport and Saratoga that they cannot maintain their distinction from the common people ; that the mechanic may shut up his shop, and the clerk his store, put on their Sunday clothes, take the Saturday night cars, and mingle with them so completely that no person can for a moment recognize the difference. It is the powerful engine of liberty. Governments may claim its monopoly ; kings may carry it on to the field of battle : but the moment they try to use it there, it recoils, and strikes for freedom, and the cause of man. The two reasons why liberty had to wait till the nineteenth century before it could find a dwelling-place on earth, were, first, the want of more gospel, and, second, the want of more machinery. Churches and workshops, not forts and legislative halls, are the true citadels of human rights. Feudalism was crushed with a hammer, not bayonet. No edict that was ever printed from it, but the printing-press itself, is what gave the death-blow to slavery. The vanguard of all progress is a long line of mechanics ; the Anvil Chorus the song to which the world has made its grandest march, well recognized, therefore, in our great peace jubilee. And, though apparently, with the thousand murderous weapons it has devised, mechanical genius has been the means of increasing the ravages of war, yet, paradoxical as it seems, true to its divine mission, it is destined in the end to be its deadliest foe ; the roar of that first gun, fired by a French soldier before the walls of Pavia three hundred and fifty years ago, was the knell of all war ; and as nations go on perfecting alike their arms and their armor, making the weak strong, and the strong weak, as every new weapon does, the result, reached only in an opposite direction, is to be the same as that of the gospel, one of universal peace.

It is not only mankind in the mass, however, that are benefited by this power, but the individual man, also, that it helps to ennoble, dignify, and complete all through his nature.

The aim of the gospel in this respect is too well recognized to need discussion. It lays stress, not only on the value of humanity, but of the individual man. Every soul has in it immeasurable capacities. It is to live, not for earth alone, but heaven. The higher part of its nature is to be developed. There is placed before it evermore a grand ideal towards which to strive. It is in realizing this ideal that machinery comes in as the powerful aid of religion. With the use of hands alone in doing his work, man has no time or strength for the satisfaction of his spiritual wants. The provision of food, clothing, shelter, defence, this occupies every moment, every energy. He is a slave to his own body. But, with the invention of machinery, there is something intervenes between him and crude matter. Nature puts her own mighty shoulder to the car of society where he had been tugging, and lifts him up into the seat to be a driver. He has a servant. The winds, waves, fire, the strength of animals, sunshine, and lightning, these are made his ministers. They do for him a thousand-fold more than his own strength. And released from mere drudgery he can listen to the claims of other and diviner wants; can develop mind and taste, and heart and soul, as well as body. That day, far back in the mist of ages, when man put a plough down into the earth to make a furrow, he drew the line which separated him evermore from the brutes, and took his first step up into heaven. "What have you to sell?" was the question of King George the Third, when Boulton, the partner of Watt, stood before him to explain the wonders of the steam-engine, addressing him, as though he had been a mere huckster, with the insolence sovereigns could use then before the common man had set up their great rival. "What kings are all fond of — power," was the majestic reply. He spoke not for the steam-engine alone, but for all machinery. It is power; it makes him who has it king; frees him not from the bondage of tyrants only, but of toil; gives him a realm, too, upward in thought as well as abroad over nature.

How vain, then, the fear felt so often in past ages of the world, and not yet wholly dead, — it was only a few weeks ago that I read of a convention of shoemakers who passed resolutions against the introduction of any more pegging machines into their town, — how vain the fear that every new invention is going to rob the workman of the labor requisite for his daily bread, and how blind the opposition often expressed in mobs and deeds of violence which every great inventor has had to suffer! The inconvenience to the hand laborer, the disturbance to his means of livelihood, which the new thing makes, is at most only temporary. It may close the old fields of toil, but it is only to open others higher up, those paying better wages and bringing into action grander faculties of mind. A machine with all its powers cannot work alone. It must have intelligent human beings with it, those who can think and are capable of being its masters. The more machinery there is in the world the more demand there is, not indeed for brute force, but for cultivated men and women. The power-loom threw out of employ ten thousand hands, but it immediately called in a hundred thousand brains. What was hand-copying in olden time as a market for labor in comparison with the energies that are now demanded by the printing-press? And the steam-engine, — besides all the wheels it is driving, — how many are the souls high up through all ranks of society that it keeps in motion! It is notorious that no complicated invention can be used where slavery is. It demands and creates intelligence, freedom, — insists as if by a divine instinct on turning slaves into men before it will act under their direction. There is no country of the world which probably has so much machinery in it as Massachusetts, none at least which develops from year to year so many new inventions; and there is none where the mechanics, the laborers, are so numerous, so intelligent, so well paid, and in such active demand. The introduction of agricultural implements during the last twenty years has wrought a most striking change on the whole character of our farming population. Rustic is no longer the synonyme of what is stupid, conservative, unpolished. Farmers are wide



awake, up to the times, large-viewed. Land is made to produce them double and treble what it did. They, too, have their fairs, their clubs, their newspapers and books, and, the outgrowth of this very thing, their Agricultural College. The horse-rake and reaping-machine have not only doubled the crops of the country, but doubled its manhood. Equally significant is the movement that is taking place all over the land for a reduction of the hours of labor. It is the direct result of its machinery. The higher nature has come into action. New wants are felt, new aspirations kindled. It is the voice of the spiritual man, only half conscious as yet, it may be, of what he is doing, nevertheless God-directed, asking leisure to train and feed his soul. The gospel repeats it; the same machinery has made it possible; and it must be answered.

And this work is to go on till soul everywhere becomes the peer of body. Every machine helps to make a man, turns out not his statue alone, but the living spirit. Factories manufacture human nature as well as cloth and nails and shoes; do at one end of our being what the Church is trying to do at the other. And when the millennium comes, which is to be when the two shall meet, culture and genius and learning are to be as rich and common at the loom and anvil and sewing machine, six hours a day, as at the bar and bench and desk.

Finally, machinery is an aid of religion by what it does for the whole great interest of civilization. There are some who regard the gospel as a power independent of all natural law and influence,—a spirit which not only blows like the wind where it will, but blows unlike the wind with no favorite channel of earth along which its own life determines it to go. Preach it, they say, in its own force and purity, and it must, of necessity, without any aid of human wisdom or policy, do its appointed work. It is a teaching contrary to all facts. Go to a heathen land and proclaim it, and, no matter how pure its truth, or eloquent the lips by which the proclamation is made, its results are only of the meagrest kind. The dark shadows of the old superstitions fall across its light. The habits of savage life still cling to its believers. The outside of society may be made Christian, but down at its core it is heathen



still. Look at many of the points where our missionaries, earnest, faithful men, have spent their lives, and how sickly, how feeble, how uncertain the progress they have made! Why? It is because they carried there religion alone, and left behind all its old associations of culture, learning, taste, and social life, the very atmosphere in which God has ordained it to thrive. The fact is, all the great renovating forces of our being cling inevitably together; love — yea, are compelled — to take up their sublime march over the earth, not single-handed, but as an organized army. The gospel, with all its divinity, is only one element of a mighty band laboring for the world's redemption, — the centre of the column, it may be, but having its flank of men as well as angels, its nurture of matter not less than spirit; and to go alone, go with merely its naked truth, into heathendom, is like sending out the officers of an army against the foe and leaving behind its rank and file. So with religious institutions: they cannot exist alone. The Church of Christ is not a building suspended in the air, but one that rests on the earth, one that has underneath its foundations of the apostles and prophets, and Christ himself the chief corner-stone, a vast hill made up of all the combined growth of the ages. It can be raised only as humanity is raised; be perfect, as can be seen now in all lands, only in proportion as the society around it is perfect.\* To be a high religion there must be first of all a high state of civilization. Hence every thing which tells for human progress, every thing which goes to build up the great interests of our common life, every thing which makes society more refined and complete, goes to aid the sway of the gospel and build up the Church of Christ.

It is this very thing, however, of which machinery is one of the grandest instruments. Take the printing-press. How much lower down would the Church and all society be without its aid! There is no missionary, none even with the blindest faith, who thinks in going to a heathen land of leaving at least the religious part of its work behind. The gospel, with all its own intrinsic power, confessedly cannot do without books. The printing-press, however, is only one part in

a vast net-work of machinery. It implies mining operations, foundries, lathes, planers, factories, steam-engines, paper-mills; implies, too, the general progress and culture of society in which all these things can exist. Every book that goes with its flaming torch out into the night of heathen darkness, bears somewhere on its title-page the two names of the Gospel and Mechanics, as the great firm by which it is published.

Yet this direct aid of machinery is infinitesimally small as compared with what it does indirectly. The very beams of civilization rest upon it. Wealth, commerce, the intercourse of travel, the structure of our temples and houses, the thousand elegancies and comforts of our daily life, dress, correspondence, the transmission of thought from age to age, — things which make up so largely the state of society where religion has its choicest home, — all these are its products. It makes Art possible. Literature leans upon it as its indispensable staff. And when Science climbs the skies, or digs down for truth into the bowels of the earth, or picks apart the elements which Nature has bound together, it is always with some instrument that mechanism has furnished. Take away machinery, and in a hundred years where would nine-tenths of our civilization be? and, with nine-tenths of our civilization gone, how long before our religion would be again that of heathen lands, its heaven-born soul clothed with the rags of our common earth?

All honor, then, to the world's long array of mechanical inventions. They are the forms in which the Spirit that wrought such wonders with Peter and John and Paul of old, is doing in our day its miracles. They are made up, not of wood and brass and steel and iron merely, but also of brain and manhood; are thoughts, ideas, truths; ay, sometimes, philosophies and poems. The light of heaven is on their glittering shafts; the song of hope and freedom and progress in their clatter and whirl. The words of the old prophet are true: the work of God is done on wheels. The locomotive engine behind its palace cars drags after it the long train of civilization; drags humanity up the slope of the Ages and on to the great Pacific shore of the Future! Sledges and ham-

mers are beating into shape with their giant arms the great gospel doctrine of universal brotherhood. It is something of the roughness and asperity of society that is smoothed away in every rolling and planing mill. Sewing machines and knitters carry with them a second thread fastening more closely together the different parts of our race. It is love as well as lightning that runs along the telegraphic wires; and out of every loom, finer than silk of Lyons, rich and beautiful beyond any tapestry of Lowell and Lawrence, there comes the fabric of religious grace and virtue. Machinery is a gospel-worker; mechanical, the friend not opposite of what is free, spiritual, dynamic. One of the links between man and his Maker, one credential of his eternal relationship, is found in the very heart of our factories. The great driving wheel of all earthly machinery is far up in the heavens, has its force and direction supplied immediately from Omnipotence. And every mechanic, true to his vocation, is doing in the workshop six days a week one part of the same thing which the minister aims at from another point on Sunday,—building up the kingdom of God!

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#### ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the appearance of the volume of Dr. Bulfinch, on the Christian Evidences, comes the more pretentious work of President Dodge.\* The method of the two works is different. Dr. Dodge has very little to say of the external proofs of Christianity, but treats it from an unusual, if not from an original, stand-point. He means to be liberal, and he tries to be profound; but after all, the bonds of his sect hold him back, and his investigations go but little below the surface thought of the discussions about things natural and things spiritual. His thought, too, is not always consistent.

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\* The Evidences of Christianity, with an Introduction on the Existence of God, and the Immortality of the Soul. By EBENEZER DODGE, D.D., President of Madison University. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1869. 12mo, pp. 244.

He is a sturdy defender of the rights of reason, and yet he warns reason off the ground in a very summary way, where it should seem to have the best right and the most necessary work. What can be more preposterous than such a limitation as that in this paragraph?

"The reason cannot by its own light pronounce on the credibility and worth of the miraculous facts of Christianity. It can exclude only what no one admits. Their credibility must rest essentially on testimony. The interpretation of these facts may give us doctrines which loom up above our reason. Now, in such cases, the court must declare itself incompetent to pronounce a decision. Any other principle would exclude the grandest verities from our faith, and justify the old heathen postulate, that man was the measure of the universe."

These are not the words of a clear-headed thinker. Equally vague and futile is the strange talk, on page 132, about the personality of God, that *one* God is *no* God, that only the triune idea makes God *live*.

"The coming of Christ reveals the ascending presence of God, frees him from the iron mechanism of his own laws, and presents him as an absolute personality. It casts a gleam of light, faint but real, on the way in which we are to think of him. He is alive, — alive throughout, — alive absolutely and eternally. There are no latent elements in his consciousness. He knows himself absolutely, and can perfectly respond to the cry of his creatures. This absolute personality is triune; for he is not a subject finding his object out of himself, but his own consciousness is the living synthesis of both. This tri-personality represents the divine life in its absolute fulness. Analogy seems to teach that simple, bare unity is death, — for it is the form of consciousness without any content, — and that duality is only an infinite antagonism; while the blending of subject and object in the unity of consciousness, in other words, trinity alone, is life. God is three in a sense in which he is not one, and in such a sense as makes him the only living and absolute personality. This speculative statement is without any special value, except in just so far as it may bring into relief the grand idea of Christ and his apostles, that God is not only a personal being, but that there is an absolute fulness of personal life in him."

Such talk as this shows the bewilderment of a brain which has become clogged by metaphysical terminology which it does not comprehend. The idea of the passage comes from the words of Coleridge much more than from the words of the Gospels.

When Dr. Dodge leaves metaphysics, and is willing to speak of practical things, he is a safe teacher. His spirit is kind and conciliating. Unfortunately, the ambition to be a philosopher spoils his



practical advices, and before the reader reaches the satisfactory chapters of the volume, he is tired by its oracular platitudes. Not by such aid, or with such a defender, will Christianity be successfully vindicated. While Dr. Dodge, moreover, avoids strong language, he indulges in extreme statements, which have even worse effect. "If Jesus," he says, "is not absolutely sinless, he is not only sinful, but falls below the level of our common humanity." The silence and the speech of nature alike, he says, "make natural religion the revelation of death, the proclamation of despair." Such extravagant statements as these are scattered through the book.

In no way do the reasonings of this volume answer the arguments or silence the objections of the sceptic. They are good only for those who are already persuaded that the system of Christianity is consistent and divine.

C. H. B.

"HUNTINGTON" seems destined to be the characteristic name of apostates from the ancient faith of New England. Twenty years ago or more, one J. V. Huntington proclaimed his conversion to the Catholic Church, and showed the first fruit of his saving and comfortable change in that erotic romance of the *Lady Alice*, or the new *Una*, in which Ritualism and Sensualism were so nicely blended. Then, in the next decade, the present Bishop of Central New York passed from the liberal faith to his ardent support of the Nicene Creed and the Anglican Liturgy. And now comes another Huntington, with simpler rhetoric and closer logic than either of the others, to tell, how, after much doubting and trouble, he has found rest in the bosom of the "Mother and head of all the churches." \*

It is the same old story, however, — a doubting, restless, sceptical mind, finding ease at last in the superficial unity of a Church which takes charge of the conscience of its members, and saves them the trouble of thinking for themselves. It is the same process of self-delusion, and self-stultification that has been shown so many times before, by which a manly soul drops its freedom and gives up its dignity. The conclusion of this little book is melancholy. The author has "groped" after truth, only to find himself at last in that hopeless darkness of the ancient theology, which hides him away

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\* *Gropings after Truth. A Life Journey from New England Congregationalism to the One Catholic and Apostolic Church.* By JOSHUA HUNTINGTON. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1868. 16mo, pp. 167.

from the spirit of the age and the light of this century. As a statement of the work which Calvinistic orthodoxy does with honest and ingenuous minds, this book is accurate and valuable. Many who read it will recognize in it their own experience, their own mental struggles, their own fears and fightings, their own disgusts with the doctrines which they have been taught to believe as divine and saving truth. But the strangest thing is, that in New England, with liberal works so accessible and so abundant, made known, too, by orthodox polemic, it should not have occurred to this thinker to examine the rational form of Christianity, — that the question should have been narrowed to the simple alternative of Calvinism or prelacy, the Puritan Church or the Roman Church.

This little book, issued as a cheap tract, by the Catholic Publication Society, has been very widely distributed, and will doubtless move many timid souls to follow the writer in his self-abnegation. A rational Christian, nevertheless, will thank God that he is subject to no such trial, and that no such necessity is laid upon him of renouncing his reason, that he has not this "pack" of creed Christianity to carry always on his back, only to lay this down as his offering at last, to be consumed on the Roman altar. As we have read this earnest confession of a troubled spirit, we have been more grateful for the training which has spared us such mental conflict, and never compelled us to mistake these contradictory dogmas for the gospel of Christ. The best monition of Mr. Huntington's book is to a nicer religious education of children; — to teach them only what is in harmony with reason and the moral sense, and what is satisfying from the first, and will continue to satisfy a healthy soul. Such an experience as this book tells would never come in the life of one who had been trained in the school of Channing, in a church and a home full of the light of God's love and inspired by a cheerful faith. The liberal believer walks in the day, and never has to go "groping after truth." C. H. B.

CAN the race of man be improved? Will there ever be any higher created being, or will man develop into something better physically? Are the angels only the souls of men separate from their bodies, or are they a superior order of organized life? Is the race of man permanent for the earth, or will it die off and become extinct, like the dodo in modern times, or like the ancient saurians? Is there any fixed destiny to the human species, any bound set to its essential being, which it cannot pass, any term of time which it will be unable

to get beyond? These questions are incidentally handled in the very clear scientific statement of M. Cherubin.\* He maintains, from purely scientific reasons, that the faith of the Church that man will cease from the earth is well founded. Whether he expects any new earth, any higher life for man, he does not tell us. He holds that the elements of life in the earth are continually modified by the forms of life, and that the chemical changes brought by the breathing and eating and habits and industry of organized beings, are steadily unfitting the earth to keep them in being.

The higher the type of this organized life, the more surely this process of wasting goes on. Man is more certain to die out than the mollusca and the zoöphytes, because he requires so much more, and does so much more to vitiate the earth on which he lives. The power of his brain and the variety of his nervous force only make him more surely the destroyer of his race. M. Cherubin does not, like the Adventists, fix the time for this ending of human things, or predict that it will come in any near age. There will be room for a very large development of human capacity before the wasting process begins. He sends this over to geologic time, which is of no moment in considerations of human destiny and duty. The coal-beds and the forests will be exhausted long before the race of man will die out, and other inventions will have met the new needs that have arisen. The conclusions of such scientists as M. Cherubin, are not alarming, and they in no way disturb the faith that man may have life in a higher world than this.

What will become of this earth when man leaves it, is a curious speculation. Will the process of creation be reversed, and the successive species and genera, from highest to lowest, drop off, and the water cover the land, and the whole at last go back to the nebulous state? Will the great Creator, when he has completed the circuit of his worlds, call them all back into himself, and make them as they were in his original thought, before time or being was? It is as easy to conceive things returning all into the bosom of the Creator, as to conceive them coming out from his thought.

C. H. B.

DR. VOLKMANN's sketch of the life, works, and influence of Synesius, of Cyrene,† is discriminating as well as minute. It adds nothing

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\* *De L'Extinction des Espèces. Etudes biologiques sur quelques-unes des lois qui régissent la vie.* Par J. B. CHERUBIN, Docteur en Médecine. Paris, 1868. 12mo, pp. 191.

† Synesius von Cyrene. *Eine biographische Charakteristik aus den letzten*

to what was previously known of the facts of the life, and has not given us, more than the studies of other critics, any exact date, either for the birth or the death of the eminent Bishop of Ptolemais. He seems to think, however, in opposition to some of the biographers of the bishop, that Synesius died before his friend Hypatia. He gives a very full analysis of the prose works of Synesius, particularly the speech to Arcadius, which was really a treatise on the duties of kingcraft; the *Dio*, which is a sort of autobiography; and the treatise on "baldness," one of the most curious monuments of the literature of the fifth century. He has not a very high opinion of the poetical powers of Synesius, though he recognizes the rare culture and grace of form in his flowing and musical Greek stanzas. Nor does he enter upon the vexed question how far Synesius remained a Pagan in his philosophy, after he had assumed the duties of a Christian bishop.

Synesius is one of those anomalous historical characters whom it is difficult to place rightly. Some things in his writings seem to show him a satirist, lacking in all earnest faith; other things show him a devotee, and even a mystic. On one side, he seems to be the Horace, if not the Juvenal, of his age, while on the other, he is the fit companion of Augustine. The ascetics find comfort in some of his complaints of the vanity of mortal joys, while his description of his free-and-easy life on his farm, is that of a man of the world, almost of an Epicurean. His Trinity is not quite Orthodox, according to the Church standards, and yet he will not be reckoned among the heretics. He was made bishop in the Church before he even professed to be Christian. Yet there was no complaint that his administration of his office was weak or partial. The most zealous orthodox bishop could not have been more efficient or faithful. C. H. B.

EXCELLENT advice is this of the "Roman Catholic Layman," which is given in the handsome pamphlet from the press of Ludwig Denicke.\* He sees no good, either in the idea of the Œcumenical Council, or in its probable result. He expects from it only confusion and divided counsels: a verdict which may have the show of solemnity, but which will only seem to the intelligent mind of the world a

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*Zeiten des untergehenden Hellenismus.* Von Dr. RICHARD VOLKMANN. Berlin, 1869. 12mo, pp. 258.

\* Pio Nono, Pontifici Maximo Ecclesiæ, Romano-Catholicæ, Anno vertente Concilium Œcumenicum convocatur, Patribusque ad Hoc Concilium Convocandis Laicus Romano-Catholicus. In Necessariis Unitas, in Dubiis Libertas, in Omnibus Caritas. Leipzig, 1869. 8vo, pp. 42.



ridiculous farce. It will decree only what had better not be decreed, and will say only what ought to be left unsaid, while it will touch none of the vital questions of the age, and heal no one of the wounds of the Church. This Layman professes to be a strenuous supporter of the ancient Church, and to have made many sacrifices in her behalf. He will not leave her, even if she stultifies herself in her action. But he is moved to warn the Bishops and the Pope that if they array themselves formally against the spirit of the age, they only provoke new schism, and cut themselves off from the sympathies of the earnest scholars of their own communion. It is no time now to add new and irrational dogmas to those already in the creed, or to alienate the Church from all science and secular forces. This Layman has no hope of any new light or wisdom to come from such a meeting of prelates, who are not asked to bring their scrutiny and their advice, but only their assent to what is already determined.

The style and spirit of this pamphlet are alike excellent. The sentences of the Papal call have no clearer ring or more musical flow; and there is a proud sense of truth which needs no special plea in its behalf. But all such protests as this will be unheeded at the Vatican. The Roman Church is unchangeable in its temper and its theory, however skilfully it may use the chance and advantage of its position. It makes no theological or ethical progress, and it can neither be persuaded nor frightened into any concessions to modern civilization. That the Œcumenical Council is an "anachronism," does not lower its credit with the men who will compose it. It is the glory of the Church that it need not consider its fitness to any time, and that it "eliminates the time element." The charm of the Council will be, that it joins the sixth and the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; and so nullifies the boast of progress; that it "rolls back the tide of time." It invites the world to forget all that has been done in these last times of the world, and to restore the pleasant fiction of the Church of Hildebrand and Innocent. The fear of this Layman that the Council will break the unity of the Church is hardly well founded. There are many who will take more courage in the apparent harmony of these voices, and will not care to ask if this external sign means any thing. No matter how absurd the decrees of the Council, the spectacle of such a gathering will have a moral influence, which scattered protests can hardly weaken. A few more absurdities can add nothing to the feud which has long been irreconcilable between human knowledge and the dogmas of the Roman Church. C. H. B.

It is too late in the day for a satire such as that of Ulrich von Hutten to make much stir in the theological world. The new set of the "Letters of the Obscure Men," \* which an unknown publisher of Berlin has ventured to issue, will hardly draw the ridicule of the German people upon the Lutheran priesthood. The Latin is bad enough; the style is sufficiently grotesque; the situations are as absurd as any that the Reformer described; there is no lack of profanity, or vulgarity, or obscenity; but, after all, these thirty-eight Epistles will be found stupid and tiresome, even by the rationalists whom they are meant to please. That they are just in their portraits of the manners and morals of the Lutheran clergy, no candid reader can allow. The motto from Horace, "*Quamquam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*" is quite out of place where the falsehood is so patent, and the laughter only a jeer and a scoff. That the "reactionaries" of Germany are bigoted, narrow, dogmatic, arrogant, haters of free science, is unquestionable. But that they are such dull fools and lustful sensualists as these letters show them, is a preposterous fancy. The letters are amusing only from their absurdity, and from the reminiscence which they give of the pranks and fooleries of college days and college societies. It would seem incredible, nevertheless, that a German student, with his exact classical training, could by any effort so pervert the grammar of the Latin tongue. The worst diction of college exercises is grace and accuracy compared with this twisting of syntax and inflections. The mixture of sacred and profane images is too disgusting to be laughable. If such a production as this can be issued in Berlin without bringing an action for libel or for blasphemy against the publisher, New York is certainly outdone by the Prussian capital in its practical freedom of the press. Compared with these letters, the suppressed poem of the "Rebelliad, or Terrible transactions at the Seat of the Muses," well known to Harvard students of the last generation, was chaste and decent. American ecclesiastical satire and abuse have not sunk so low as this.

C. H. B.

OF Mr. James's "Secret of Swedenborg" † we hope to present hereafter a more adequate review than can be given hastily, in the month

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\* *Novissimæ Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. Berolini: F. Berggold. 1869. 16mo, pp. 88.

† *The Secret of Swedenborg; being an Elucidation of his "Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity."* By HENRY JAMES. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 8vo, pp. 243.

of its publication. Its author's qualities of thought and style, and especially his animosity at sciolism and "moralism," are well known to the studious public, — both those which fascinate and those which exasperate the reader. It is a refreshment to have an intelligence so large and strange as Swedenborg's dealt with by one who has so healthy a contempt for conventionalities of sect and form, along with so reverent and genial an admiration of the mind he seeks to interpret. That he makes that mind more intelligible to the uninitiated, or that scheme of thought more attractive to the profane, we do not yet venture to declare. What is plain to see, is the scorn wreaked on those who undertake to turn the visions or intuitions of the Swedish Seer, into a religious creed, or to claim his name as the founder of a sect. "None of the older sects," he says, "parades a pretension at once so senseless and so blasphemous." And we are assured, in this handsome and attractive volume, of this satisfaction at least, — that we have an earnest, intelligent, enthusiastic exposition of Swedenborg's great intellectual service to mankind, from one who is, himself, any thing but a "Swedenborgian."

THE Rev. Stopford A. Brooke is honorably known as the friend and biographer of Rev. Frederic Robertson, — the recent issue of whose sermons, compactly printed in two volumes, is a remarkable testimony to the vitality and popular power of a true man's thought. Mr. Brooke possesses, with a strong sympathy in what was best and noblest in his friend, a quality of religious thought very nearly akin. His sermons, just published,\* have the advantage of being printed as finished compositions, and under their author's eye. The qualities by which they impress the reader, are their great seriousness and devoutness of tone; their breadth of topics and freedom of handling; the constant, reverential, intelligent exposition of Scripture in its spiritual or moral sense; and the directness with which they apply the religious thought to the actual experiences of the life, or the actual condition of the nation. Their homiletic tone is more marked than that of Robertson's, with which they will be most readily compared; the proportion of topics directly scriptural is quite striking; while such titles as "The Naturalness of God's Judgments," "The Religion of Home," "Individuality," "Devotion to the Convention-

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\* Sermons preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London. By the Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.



al," "Devotion to the Outward," suggest trains of reflection in the best sense practical.

CRITICISM, ETC.

OF those who have made the Lecture System popular, there is no one, unless it be Mr. Emerson, who has succeeded by purely intellectual merit of so fine an order as Mr. Whipple; and no one whose spoken essays bear so well the stern test of print. He has steadily maintained his place, in public esteem, on the slippery and difficult standing-ground of the lecturer's platform, for considerably more than twenty years; and his published volumes have secured him a high rank, as the author of some of our best critical writings. Neither series that he has printed has given him a more congenial topic, or exhibits his special ability to better advantage, than the volume lately published.\* No single volume will do full justice to the wealth of his reading and accuracy of his memory, in the wide field of literary history; but the keen penetration, the quick clear judgment, the careful study, the point and vigor of style, the fine discrimination, the wide sympathy, which give such a work its best value, have full play in the series of views in which he exhibits what was rarest and best in the intelligence of the Elizabethan age. The volume consists of a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, ten years ago, and printed since in the "*Atlantic Monthly*." In their present compact and handsome form, they will prove a valuable and welcome addition to the library-shelf.

IN breadth of plan, Mr. Everett's "*Science of Thought*"† is the counterpart of Mill's "*Logic*;" that is, it deals not only or chiefly with forms, but with facts and things. It does the great service, to the English reader, of surveying the same wide field from a different point of view. It strongly attracts one, at the outset, by the grace of a style singularly clear, crisp, and direct, — abounding in brief sentences, of which each delivers its one thought, clean-cut and forcible, straight to the reader's mind. It is the style of a practised speaker to an attentive audience he wishes to instruct, rather than that of an argumentative or speculative writer, — simple, direct, disdaining ornament or "fine writing," the perfection of didactic style; yet flowering

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\* *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

† *Science of Thought; a System of Logic*. By CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT. Boston: William V. Spencer.



easily into illustrations which tip each thought, as a pink-blossom tips its stalk. Covering, from the nature of its topic, the whole breadth of human thought, including all science and art, it is never at a loss for the material to give point and shape to its abstracter argument. And, what makes it more attractive to the thoughtful reader, it holds out the promise of giving some intelligible rendering of that system of Hegel, which to most of us has stood, unavoidably, for little more than the echo of a name. Mr. Everett is one of the few men who have qualified themselves, by personal study of the system, and personal hearing of its expounders, to serve as its interpreters to other minds. Besides Hegel, he acknowledges chief indebtedness to Schopenhauer, "the most brilliant of metaphysicians," — most false, perhaps, in his main theory, but "clearest and most satisfactory in its details." We do not promise that the readers of this book will become, themselves, qualified to explain or pronounce upon these schemes of thought. But we can safely say, that they will receive a great deal of instruction and intellectual impulse; that they will find meaning and suggestion in phrases that had, perhaps, repelled them by what seemed hopeless vagueness or paradox; that they will be led to a better acquaintance with some of the highest forms of human thought, and some of the widest relations of human knowledge; and that they will have the further satisfaction of finding the harmonies of philosophical speculation set forth in the light of a large confidence in absolute truth and spiritual life.

It would be unjust to pass a hasty judgment on what is the ripe and slow growth of a cultivated mind, — what, in fact, asserts itself in dedicatory verse to be no gathered blossom, but "sheaves of ripened, dry, and heavy wheat." We hope hereafter to examine more at length its value, both as a criticism of others and as a contribution of original thought; meanwhile, commending it, in all confidence, to students of kindred taste.

#### EDUCATION.

WE do not know how far the *Essays*, whose title we have given,\* may be depended on for the general opinion of English scholars and teachers. It is evident that they contain the views of a wide and very intelligent class, and one which is rapidly extending. The fantastic and

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\* *Essays on a Liberal Education.* Edited by Rev. F. W. FARRAR. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 8vo, pp. 384.

cruel pedantry which has hedged the study of the classics with its frightful *cheval-de-frise* of nomenclature; which spends ten years on Greek and Latin rudiments; which compels the writing of verses, as an ordinary school exercise, in languages distant, dead, and half-known; which makes the "analysis" of a sentence ten times as hard as the understanding of it; which, by a grotesque whim, has transferred to our school grammars here, and insists on forcing as a task of memory, the rules and countless exceptions of "scanning," which are of no earthly use except in that manufacture of Latin verse which we have happily discarded, and which make a boy's reading the smooth text of Virgil or Ovid like a hard ride over a very stony road,—this relic of scholastic times, we are glad to hope, is passing fast out of date. And, for our evidence, we take the striking testimony of this volume.

It consists of nine essays, by as many writers, differing here and there as to their views in detail, but agreeing in their main drift. The name of Mr. Farrar is widely known, as the author of some most vigorous and wholesome contributions on this subject, in recent reviews. His contribution to this series is one which has less practical value here than in England, in which he argues against the composition of Greek and Latin verse as a general branch of education. The introductory essay, too, may be described as more curious than important. But it is quite interesting in its sketch of the steps by which the ponderous system of modern instruction was built up. The average Englishman of the upper classes—the same who now believes with all his heart in the teachings of the great schools—must have been a difficult subject, a few centuries ago, for the handling of pedants and pedagogues. "Rather," says a bluff Englishman of that time, "than my son should be bred a scholar, he should hang. To blow a neat blast on the horn, to understand hunting, to carry a hawk handsomely and train it,—this is what becomes the son of a gentleman; but as for book-learning, he should leave that to louts." It is a great way from that day to a time when the prime minister of England amuses his vacation by writing out a most careful and scholarly dissertation on Homer, and the first nobleman of England appears as one of a score of rival translators of the *Iliad*. In an earlier time, "gentlemen took care that their sons should learn 'courtesy,' to ride, sing, play upon the lute and virginals, perform feats of arms, dance, carve, and wait at table, where they might hear the conversation (sometimes French or Latin), and study the manners of great men." Even Bacon, urging the advancement of learning, "was not without a certain contempt for boys," considering them hardly fit

subjects for the higher training; and Locke was far from the theories of a later day, when he held that "the only grammar which a gentleman needs is that of his own tongue, which alone he means to write." "Our most noble Queen Elizabeth," says Roger Ascham, "never yet took Greek or Latin grammar in her hand after the first declining of a noun and a verb."

In the system that has grown up since this rude but wholesome beginning, fashion and superstition have had their full share. Think, for instance, of the nonsense that has been written and believed as to the "perfect forms" and "perfect models" to be found in the ancient writers! Think of the atrocity of setting up four hundred pages of grammar as a barrier to be surmounted, before one should enter on the living use, possibly (though some teachers doubt it) the rational enjoyment of an ancient tongue! All this must have its reaction; and it is excellently met in the Essay of Professor Sidgwick, who points out with clear good sense the real use and advantage of classical study: Greek is needed for theology, Latin for history and law; it is their literature, not their grammar, that we want to cultivate; yet even for that they are hardly required, amidst the great wealth of modern speech; and few learners, at any rate, will read them both.

The third Essay, by Professor Seeley, criticises the system of university studies and examination for honors, and is of much interest, — aside from the fresh and admirable style in which the writer puts his thought, — in view of the changes taking place in our own colleges. It may be well, too, to take notice of what he says of the despotism of the "Tripos:" it is made the one test of scholarship; special tastes are substituted for liberal culture; success in one set line is the only success that teacher or student cares to aim at; "if such-a-one did not *think* so much, he might do very well," is the comment actually given by some painstaking tutor, and shows the result of the system. Universities should be better organized for the business of instruction. "The college system keeps down the character of the teaching class;" each college — of which at Oxford there are more than twenty — aiming at a certain thin completeness in every thing. Colleges should be *specialized*. Again: as to the method of private tuition. "It is deceptive to compare the teacher to a book. In the first place, he is a great number of books; next, he is a book that can be questioned; and a book that can put questions; and a book that can recommend other books; and last, not least, he is a book in English. As a rule, good books are in German, and it may happen that the student does not read German."



But the most vigorous protest against modern pedantry that we remember to have seen, is that by Professor Bowen, in the fourth Essay, on "Teaching by Means of Grammar." That grammar is useful for the sake of teaching the language, "we meet," he says, "with a direct negative," — meaning by grammar "a formal analysis of usage, in respect of inflection and syntax." And here is the method he advises: "Let them begin the translation of easy sentences, even before they know the declensions by heart. Never give a rule of any kind unless it is one which is clearly and obviously founded upon a collection of instances. Get the meaning accurately, and the grammar may follow as its handmaid. Never let time be wasted at a difficulty; if, when fairly coped with, it is insuperable, give quick and willing help." And again: "We assert that systematic grammar — complete, technical, printed in a book for the purpose of learning the dead languages — is more an encumbrance than a help." And again: "A grain of showing is worth a bushel of telling, whether the topic be a handicraft or a virtue, the performance of a trick of cards or the construction of an infinitive mood."

We have not space to follow out the arguments of these timely and valuable essays. Such sentences as these just quoted, coming from the high places of English culture, are bolder and more radical than almost any one has yet ventured to use in our own educational journals or teachers' conventions. On the other hand, the need of instruction in natural science and modern learning seems to have dawned freshly, and with great force, on the mind of those scholars — and is very strikingly illustrated in Mr. Wilson's Essay (the sixth) "On Teaching Natural Science in Schools," and the closing one, "On the present Social Results of Classical Education." The seventh, "On the Teaching of English," and the eighth, "On the Education of the Reasoning Faculties," are well worth attention. That logic may be made as simple as geometry or grammar, while it is a matter of infinitely more practical advantage, and is likely to be far more entertaining, is set forth with great vigor. Somewhat curiously the writer, Mr. W. Johnson, finds great advantage in Latin composition over any thing to be done in any modern language, especially English; essays by boys in the vernacular he thinks will be purely formal and worthless. On the whole, while there are many points in this volume in which the writers freely differ from one another, and some, perhaps, in which we might differ from them all, there are few books to which we should be more glad to direct the attention of the great teaching class among ourselves.



MR. MORRIS'S Greek Grammar \* has some features quite new, to which we desire to call the attention of those interested in classical instruction. Of grammar proper, it contains 168 pages, with a tabular supplement of 30; its Syntax is embraced in 50 pages; while more than a hundred are occupied with exercises for the class-room. The type is uncommonly bold and clear, and gives the points — which appear to be very carefully and skilfully thought out — with remarkable distinctness to the eye. But the distinguishing feature of the book is this, — that it deals with the language throughout in its “crude forms;” giving careful and clear rules for the forming of cases, tenses, and the like; indicating by symbols, with each crude form, to what class it should be referred; and giving, in a series of “plates” (occupying, perhaps, a quarter of the book), very full exhibitions of the forms of the language, by which the learner *is to make his own inflections as he goes along*. No such thing as a full paradigm, of noun or verb, is given, — except by what seems an afterthought, in the supplement which follows the reading lessons, which are arranged, with great skill, to apply the method already learned. A careful examination of the book, in its general features, satisfies us that any teacher who will have patience with it at starting, will find himself in possession of a most valuable aid in getting at the true form and genius of the tongue.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

WHILE the growth and occupation of “The Great West” † were the fresh wonder of our own day, it was pardonable in us to forget that there was a history of its discovery waiting to be read; and now that it is open to us, in Mr. Parkman's clear and handsome pages, we find in it, with a sort of surprise, that, turning back over the little space of two centuries, we come upon a pre-historic period, as full of marvel, adventure, and romance, in its kind, as that of older countries. So thin are the layers of that stratification which time has spread over the wide continent, yet so strange and distinct from one another. The Canadian forests, the shores of the Great Lakes, the cataracts and rapids, the broad prairies of Wisconsin and Illinois, the great rivers of

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\* A Compendious Grammar of Attic Greek, with copious Exercises. By CHARLES B. MORRIS. New York: F. J. Huntington & Co. pp. 330.

† The Discovery of the Great West. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, author of The Conspiracy of Pontiac, Jesuits in Canada, &c. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo, pp. 425.

the West, are not only the field of the vast colonization of our century ; they are the scene where actors almost forgotten played their part, and where the passion of the play was often deepened into tragedy, long before that struggle of British and French forces on this continent, in which our own colonial annals begin to emerge into the broader light of history.

We need not recite Mr. Parkman's claims to be the explorer of that field. A comparison of this with the "*Jesuits in Canada*," will show the same qualities of faithful investigation, clear and vivid description, interesting narrative, and a quick, keen appreciation of the human interest of the story. And besides, this volume shows to still better advantage the writer's personal familiarity with the scenes and populations with which he deals. No picture of savage life is comparable to his for the definite, positive lines in which it is drawn. The romantic halo that once transfigured the brutish and rude existence of the Indian tribes has been fading with all our better knowledge of them. Pitilessly Mr. Parkman brushes away what might be left of it in the field of that distant and early adventure ; yet with a keen sense of what was pitiful and tragic in it, as well as what was purely barbarous and grotesque. Nothing can excel in oddity the scenes which the old French explorers have left so fully detailed of their contact with the savage tribes ; and they become the more piquant, by the personal and local touches which the historian is able to add from the note-book of his own experience.

The volume, in its general drift and outline, is the biography of La Salle, the ambitious, able, dauntless, tireless, ill-fated explorer of the Mississippi. Mr. Parkman has studied his life afresh, from all the documentary sources within reach, especially from family papers gathered and preserved in Paris ; and has succeeded in filling out, with great vigor and life, the sketch which Mr. Sparks had given — interesting, but cold and feeble in comparison — in his "*American Biography*." \* In particular, the jealous bad faith, if not positive treachery, which betrayed the heroic explorer to his destruction, is shown with great distinctness ; and its shadow is made to fall, in a damaging way, upon the Jesuit party, of whom he was the open foe. The book is apparently quite impartial and fair, whether in telling of the Catholic missionaries who lived and died faithful in their toilsome, hopeless service ; or the hardy and heroic fidelity of Tonty ; or of the garrulous, vain, jealous, and mendacious Father Hennepin, whose well-known

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\* See vol. i. of the Second Series.

narrative shows to ill advantage in the light of sober history. We are promised, in a coming volume, the story of "the stormy career of Frontenac," royal governor of Canada, and La Salle's constant friend. No one but Mr. Parkman can have known so well the breadth and wealth of the field he has made his own: a field in which he has created an interest, that will look with eager expectation for each coming instalment of his work.

THE MESSRS. Roberts, in their "Handy-Volume Series," have published a book of remarkable interest, whose title we give below.\* The author is a man of education and the highest social connections,—cousin of the Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench,—who held the difficult, responsible, and hazardous post of Agent of estates in Ireland, during and after the famine of 1846–7. His story of the conspiracies, crimes, sufferings, and imprisonments among the tenantry, diversified with several touching little romances of private life, has the interest and freshness of novelty, after all that has been said and written on that unhappy matter. The narrative is very direct and personal, full of names, incidents, and dates, given apparently with absolute frankness. It is a plainer story of the writer's daring, skill, prudence, and success, under most difficult circumstances, than most men could give or would care to give; but its personal quality is quite essential in the account it would give of the land and people. Nothing can excite warmer interest and commendation, than the way in which hopeless poverty and desperate crime are checked by the unfailing panacea of emigration, and the skill with which this panacea is administered. But it raises the question, too, how far it is right or safe to thrust so much raw material of barbarism upon a foreign country; and it suggests, more vividly than any thing we have seen, an explanation of what is most dangerous in the "Fenian" exhibitions of the last few years. One should read it beside Maguire's "Irish in America."

"THE Seven Curses of London"\* are neglected children; professional thieves; professional beggars; fallen women; drunkenness; betting gamblers; the waste of charity. Mr. Greenwood, who began his investigations, two or three years ago, by his experience of one

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\* Realities of Irish Life. By W. STEWART TRENCH. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† The Seven Curses of London. By JAMES GREENWOOD, the "Amateur Casual." Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

night in the capacity of a beggar seeking shelter, deals with them in succession, with a gravity of temper, and sense of religious duty, as far as possible from the sensational or merely sentimental way that has been too common. Some of his facts are new, and some of them very pungent and startling, — as when he surprises us with an estimate that 100,000 children wander unclaimed in the streets of London; and tells us something of the jealously guarded mysteries of "baby farming." In most of the lamentable topics he deals with, he could not add much to the information, or the impression, long familiar. But his direct testimony as to several points — particularly as to the mischief of betting among the class most tempted to it, and as to some forms of drunkenness and low amusements among the London poor — is very instructive. The book is less able and impressive, on the whole, than one might have expected. It is as if the writer's mind were oppressed by the gigantic and hopeless proportions of the misery he describes; while it is by dint of conscience and Christian conviction that he persists in a struggle all the more heroic that it does but stem without beating back the boundaries of evil. And the reader, who has not the stress of the struggle to warm him, is oppressed still more.

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#### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

*White Lies: a Novel.* By Charles Reade. pp. 171. 35 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*The Seven Curses of London.* By James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual." 8vo, paper. pp. 112. 25 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*False Colors: a Novel.* By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), author of "*Denis Doune*." 8vo, paper. pp. 152. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Meta's Faith.* By the author of "*St. Olave's*," "*In our days, a man is the son of his own deeds*." 8vo, paper. pp. 124. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Henry Esmond, and Lovell the Widower; The History of Pendennis, his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his greatest Enemy.* By William Makepeace Thackeray. 8vo, paper. pp. 253. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Countess Gisela.* By E. Marlitt, author of "*The Old Mam'selle's Secret*," &c. Translated from the German by A. Nahmer. 8vo, paper. pp. 125. 35 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Adam Bede; The Mill on the Floss; Felix Holt, the Radical.* By George Eliot. Harper's Library Edition. With illustrations. 12mo, cloth. pp. 452. 75 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Found Dead.* By the author of "*One of the Family*," &c. 8vo, paper. pp. 110. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.



A Compendious German Grammar. By William D. Whitney, Professor of Sanscrit, and Instructor in modern language in Yale College. 12mo, cloth. pp. 248. \$1.50. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Elements of the Greek Language: taken from the Greek Grammar of James Hadley, Professor in Yale College. 16mo, cloth. pp. 246. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The American Speller: A guide to the Orthography of the English Language. Conformed to the standard of the revised editions of Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language. By Henry N. Day. 16mo, boards. pp. 168. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

New York Illustrated. 4to. pp. 52. 50 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Magnetizer, The Prodigal; Comedies in Prose. By Laughton Osborn. 12mo, cloth. pp. 222. \$1.50. New York: James Miller.

In Silk Attire: a Novel. By William Black, author of "Love or Marriage" 8vo, paper. pp. 126. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The History and Philosophy of Marriage; or Polygamy and Monogamy compared. By a Christian Philanthropist. 16mo, cloth. pp. 256, with appendix. \$1.25. Boston: James Campbell.

The Architect and Monetarian: a brief memoir of Thomas Alexander Tefft, including his labors in Europe to establish a universal currency. By Edwin Martin Stone. 8vo, paper. pp. 64. Providence: Sidney S. Rider & Brother.

Camp Fires of the Revolution; or, the War of Independence. Illustrated by thrilling events and stories by the continental soldiers. By Henry C. Watson. With original illustrations by Croome. 12mo, cloth. pp. 447. \$2.00. New York: James Miller.

The Intelligence of Animals, with illustrative anecdotes. From the French of Ernest Menault. With illustrations. 16mo, cloth. pp. 370. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

The Mental Cure. Illustrating the influence of the mind on the body, both in health and disease, and the psychological method of treatment. By Rev. W. F. Evans, author of "The Celestial Dawn," "The Happy Islands," "The New Age and its Messenger," &c. "'Tis the great art of life to manage well, The restless mind."—Armstrong. 12mo, cloth. pp. 364. \$1.50. Boston: H. H. & T. W. Carter.

Patty Gray's Journey from Boston to Baltimore. By Caroline H. Dall. 16mo, cloth. pp. 201. \$1.25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Peter Parley's Thousand and One Stories, of fact and fancy, wit and humor, rhyme, reason, and romance. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty engravings. 12mo, cloth. pp. 380. \$2.00. New York: James Miller.

Peter Parley's Merry Stories: or, Fact, Fancy, and Fiction; a collection of very merry stories, anecdotes, &c. By the renowned Peter Parley. 12mo, cloth. pp. 388. \$2.00. New York: James Miller.

Mother Goose's Chimes, Rhymes, and Jingles. Edited and illustrated by Charles H. Bennett and others. Square 32mo. pp. 93. Paper, 30 cts.; cloth flex., 60 cts.; cloth colored, 90 cts. New York: James Miller.

A new edition of Mother Goose's Melodies, without abridgment. Illustrated throughout with engravings. Square 32mo. pp. 96. Paper, 30 cts.; cloth flex., 60 cts.; cloth colored, 90 cts. New York: James Miller.

A Visit from Santa Claus. With illustrations. By Scattergood. 4to, paper, printed in tints. 50 cts. New York: James Miller.

Man in Genesis and Geology; or, the Biblical account of man's creation tested by scientific theories of his origin and antiquity. By Joseph P.

Thompson, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, cloth. pp. 149. \$1.00. New York: S. R. Wills.

The Epistle of Paul to the Romans. By J. P. Lange, D.D., and the Rev. F. R. Fay. Translated from the German by J. F. Hurst, D.D., with additions by P. Schaff, D.D., and the Rev. M. B. Riddle. 8vo, cloth. pp. 455. \$5.00. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Sandford and Merton: in words of one syllable. By Mary Godolphin. Beautifully illustrated with colored engravings. Square 16mo, cloth. pp. 288. \$1.50. New York: James Miller.

Æsop's Fables: in words of one syllable. By Mary Godolphin. Colored illustrations. Square 16mo, cloth. pp. 174. \$1.50. New York: James Miller.

Evenings at Home: in words of one syllable. By Mary Godolphin, author of "Robinson Crusoe, in words of one syllable," &c. With illustrations. Square 16mo, cloth. pp. 161. \$1.50. James Miller.

The Swiss Family Robinson: in words of one syllable. By Mary Godolphin, author of "Evenings at Home, in words of one syllable," &c. With illustrations. Square 16mo, cloth. pp. 165. \$1.50. New York: James Miller.

Robinson Crusoe: in words of one syllable. By Mary Godolphin. With colored illustrations. Square 16mo, cloth. pp. 161. \$1.50. New York: James Miller. (Why exclude from children's books, on the score of simplicity, such words as *father, mother, brother, sister*, and such names as *Harry* or *Mary*?)

Arms and Armor, in Antiquity and the Middle Ages; also a descriptive notice of Modern Weapons. Translated from the French of M. P. Lacombe, and with a preface, notes, and one additional chapter on Arms and Armor in England. By Charles Boutell, M.A., author of "English Heraldry," &c. 12mo, cloth. pp. 296. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy, for October. Containing "The Science of Knowledge," translated from the German of J. G. Fichte, by A. E. Kroeger; "Kant's System of Transcendentalism," by A. E. Kroeger; "Outlines of Hegel's Logic," "Analysis of Hegel's Æsthetics," translated from the French of M. Ch. Bénard. By J. A. Martling, &c. Single number, 50 cts.

American Edition of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Part 20. New Testament — Olive.

The Promise of Shiloh; or, Christ's Temporal Sovereignty upon the Earth, — when will it be fulfilled? By Joseph L. Lord, of the Boston Bar. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 106.

The Writings of Madame Swetchine. Edited by Count Le Falloux. Translated by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 255. (In all points a beautiful little volume. For its quality, see "Christian Examiner," for November, 1866.)

The Woman who Dared. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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NOTE. — In the fourth Article of the September number, it should have been stated, that the Catholic Church in America, at the present day, is far from being made up so largely of Irish as at the time when the volume under review was written.

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